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Harvey Cox

Facing the Secular

Samuel Hynes

The Old Man at King's

Robert McAfee Brown

An Ecumenical Pioneer

Lawrence T. King

Water, Water

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Relevance

Are you interested in the relevance of the nun to contemporary society? Then you should have read Michael Novak's "Nuns in the World" which appeared in The Commonweal of last November 29. How about the role and mystiques (Catholic and otherwise) of women in general? Rosemary Lauer's "Women and the Church" and Jean Holzhauer's "Doing Daddy In?" made lively and important reading.

Are you concerned with the relevance of the Christian to his changing society? If so, you should have read Daniel Callahan's "The New Pluralism: From Nostalgia to Reality" and, in this issue, Harvey Cox's "Facing the Secular."

Or take the crisis in American education: what is the relevance of Catholic principles and goals to national goals? Our special double-sized issue of January 31 presented eleven articles, offering widely varying views on the subject.

What of the relevance of Vatican II to the world at large and to the life of individual Catholics? Comment by Gregory Baum, Robert McAfee Brown, James O'Gara and John Cogley gave some illuminating answers in these pages last fall—and will again when the Council resumes.

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

Catholics and Latin America

IT WAS not too many years ago that the problems of the Church in Latin America were envisioned largely in terms of the threat of Communism and the incursions of Protestant missionaries. To many North American Catholics, the implications of "the social question" did not loom as large as the view of Latin America as a vast Catholic preserve with a stake in the status quo.

Even where the North American view of the Latin American church was less benighted, the sense of direct responsibility was not strong. Assistance was sparse, largely financial, and many Latin bishops calling at North American chancery offices recall with distaste that they were treated mainly as beggars.

In recent years, particularly since 1960, the picture has brightened. A few bishops and priests, with encouragement from Rome, began to organize around the view that large-scale assistance to the Latin American Church, and social renewal in Latin America, were direct responsibilities of the North American Church. In appealing to all North American dioceses to establish programs to send technically and theologically prepared Catholics into Latin America, Pope John gently made the point that geography and the wealth of the North American Church pointed toward a major role for North American Catholics in Latin America. The unprecedented appeal from Rome, urging in the strongest terms that all North American religious orders send ten percent of their membership into Latin America, was another index of the newer and more determined attitude.

But translating the spirit into action has proven an awesome task. The Papal Volunteer program, for instance, which will be four years old this summer, has made only slight headway. It has sent only a few hundred volunteers into the field—less for all of Latin America than the Peace Corps has in the Philippines alone—and perhaps half of these would have gone under previously existing programs. Most discouragingly, the burden has been borne by a handful of dioceses; in many dioceses the program has come to a halt with the naming of a "director," a step presumably taken only to satisfy Rome. (In one large eastern diocese a friend was able to locate the director only after three days of inquiries. He was referred to a pastor in an outlying area who reported that there were no funds, no plans, and that the program consisted of one young man who had acquired a job teaching high school in Ecuador.)

WHAT plagues the Papal Volunteer movement also plagues most similar efforts: a lack of funds, lack of support from the pulpit and Catholic press, and a lack of centralization effective enough to unify and coordinate efforts. The story of North American Catholic aid to Latin America has too often been one of scattergun, small-scale programs produced without a clear idea of what needs are to be met and what the relationship with the Latin Church will be. More than once, groups of Americans have been deposited in Latin America, at great cost, without any account being taken of the cultural pattern or the priorities of the Latin American Church. Often the site for an individual North American priest, say, in a priestless village of 10,000, has been chosen without any idea that his presence might be twice as valuable at a priestless college of 300.

Similarly, the ideas of Latin Americans have not always been taken into account. A recent national conference on Latin America, conducted under Catholic auspices, included no Latin American on the program. Latin Americans have been quick to detect the "mission problem" approach, which seems to envision a backward Latin America being "saved" through Yankee efficiency, regardless of what the Latins themselves think and want. The lack of cultural preparation, plus a failure to understand that North American efforts must remain cooperative and

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subordinate, have discouraged many Latin Americans, and many North American sending groups as well.

Efforts are now under way to root out the apostolic tourism, to coordinate isolated programs and to provide a considerable understanding of Latin culture for prospective volunteers and missionaries. One of the most promising developments is the emergence of the Catholic-Inter-American Cooperation Program (CICOP) under the sponsorship of the U.S. Bishops' Committee for Latin America and the Pontifical Commission for Latin America, and under the presidency of six cardinals, three North American and three Latin American. The recent CICOP conference in Chicago brought together an impressive array of experts from both sides of the border, and was attended by a crowd of 2,000, most of them carefully chosen lay and clerical leaders. The emphasis was on reform, as Cardinal Cushing said, "in every field of life—the political, the economic, the educational, the social, the religious. . . ." One example of the type of thinking that emerged is particularly encouraging: instead of making the traditional start in de-Christianized areas by trying to get people to Mass and the sacraments, the stress should be focussed first on the fact of Christ, love of neighbor and what they mean for individual relationships and the social structure.

African Slaughter

THE VIOLENCE which has lately been erupting in many newly-independent African lands has reached an appalling climax in Rwanda, a territory east of the Congo and until 1962 administered by the Belgians. The smaller Bahutus, turning on the Watusi minority, their seven-foot overlords for four centuries—and in reprisal for small-scale raids against the Rwanda government—have by the most brutal methods been slaying Watusi men, women and children by the thousands. Flight and massacres have cut the numbers of that tribe in Rwanda almost in half; the fury and extent of these mass murders have led to the accusation of genocide.

It is far easier to point out what has led up to these and other recent outbreaks in Africa than to prescribe what needs to be done. The worst disorders have taken place in former Belgian colonies, where the formula had been to provide the natives with a certain economic base but little in the way of technical and administrative training. Most observers agree that the Belgians pulled out of the Congo too abruptly, leaving its various peoples ill-prepared and poorly organized for self-government.

If this is less true of the British, French and other colonial powers, lack of preparation for independence was a common failing. Moreover, when carving up the Dark Continent, the empire-builders tended to ignore natural, economic, racial and tribal boundaries. As a consequence many African states that were once separate European colonies are anything but natural economico-political entities; they have been unstable from the start. And the sudden removal of colonial controls has permitted bitter tribal rivalries to come once again to the fore, has led ancient enemies to fall murderously upon one another's throats.

How will it be possible for order to be maintained in restive Africa until, through education, experience and perhaps a certain amount of regional federation, the new nations there will have achieved political stability? In the Congo there is the diminished 5,000-man U.N. force, but it is ticketed for departure this coming June. In its mutiny crisis East Africa has called upon British contingents to return temporarily to help keep the peace in Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda. Ethiopia is calling upon the U.N. for protection against the border raids of rampaging Somalis. It would seem that expanded activity on the part of the financially-strapped United Nations should be the principal way of maintaining order in Africa while at the same time respecting hard-won national dignities.

To what extent do the various indications that such native peoples are hardly ready for self-government—even as "presidential," one-party, one-man states—comprise support for Portugal in its determination to hang on to Angola and Mozambique? Doubtless the Portuguese colonies are the least ready of all for independence, for only lately has forced labor been modified there and a beginning made on a program of native elementary schools. To say that their freedom today would be premature is not to accept the fiction that these African lands form an integral part of Portugal. Their right to freedom must be recognized, a timetable for independence set up and educational preparation plus intermediate steps agreed upon, perhaps under U.N. tutelage. In this way the significance of these tragic happenings of a newly-independent Africa in turmoil might be put to some use.

Showdown in the Senate

IT WAS Francis Fergusson who suggested that the essence of dramatic tragedy lies in the rhythmic unfolding of purpose, passion and perception. The tragic hero is the man who, through suffering and turmoil, comes to know himself, who comes to see that his original purpose masked a lie.

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In America, the stage is now being set for a play which will determine whether the white man is capable of knowing himself. At the center of the stage will be the United States Senate. There, in a time-honored ritual, our elected representatives will talk, argue and maneuver over a civil rights' bill. Off in the wings will be our American equivalent of the Greek chorus: pickets, demonstrators and boycotters, chanting in unison that the time has come for the Negro to be given his full, inalienable rights. Not far away will be the Furies, waiting to punish the blind, the stupid, the prideful.

At the moment, the question is whether the Furies can be kept at bay. So far our country has been lucky. Despite every provocation, the Negro has restrained himself, waiting for the day when the white man would wake up. Despite every incitement, the Negro has given the benefit of doubt to those who argue that the way of law, order and non-violence is the way to justice and equality. Despite every kind of lie and deception, the Negro has tried to believe the white man's assurances that patience and time will take care of things.

Time is now running out. It is running out for those Negro leaders who have restrained their people. It is running out for those white liberals who have sought to find a peaceful solution. It is running out for those white supremacists who have thought they could exploit delaying tactics interspersed with selective violence to keep the Negro at bay. For just those reasons the Senate debate has taken on a crucial importance. Should the House version of the bill, which is a strong version, be defeated outright or watered down beyond recognition, there is every likelihood that the day of Negro self-restraint will be over for good.

Happily, no one expects a direct defeat of the bill. At the moment, the prospect is for some kind of compromise. Thus the real issue is whether the kind of compromise which emerges will be one minimally sufficient to satisfy Negro demands. There is no way in advance to guess whether there will be such a bill. Much will depend upon the debate itself. Even more may depend upon what happens among the people as the debate progresses. It is certain that there will be a Southern filibuster. It seems hardly less certain that, out in the streets, the tempo of Negro protests will mount in scope and intensity. The only real area of uncertainty lies in the response of the mass of whites, both to the Senate debate and tc the demonstrations.

As for demonstrations, we heartily agree with the judgment of Father Robert F. Drinan, S.J., Dean of the Boston College Law School, that they are both just and legal. "In hundreds of grievances," Father Drinan said recently at a legal conference sponsored by CORE, "there is no legal machinery to process the complaint. . . . Some injustices, furthermore, place their victims in such pain, humiliation and moral peril that the minority group . . . has not merely a right but conceivably a duty to bring them to public attention by some dramatic or even spectacular conduct."

This is a point which can hardly be overstressed. What the past few years have shown the nation is that the Negro protest movement does force whites to act. But, at the same time, it increases white hostility toward Negroes. The Senate debate may well be the crucial test: the white man's test, not the Negro's. For the Negro will have every right and justification to protest an extended filibuster or a weak bill. It is the white man who must accept these protests. If possible, he should exert enough pressure on the Senate to make them unnecessary. But if that does not succeed, then he must be ready to listen to the Negro. More than that, he must stand aside and let the Negro protest—as loudly and as clearly as is necessary to make the Senate know that he can be denied his rights no longer.

A Lingering Past

IT HAS been observed more than once that the rapidity with which nations exchange their friends and enemies is one of the signs of the confused age in which we live. The instance most readily at hand is the strong bond which has developed between the United States and West Germany. The basis for this bond, of course, has less to do with traditional friendship than with the sharing of a common Soviet threat. Nonetheless, it is better that there is a bond rather than a perpetuation of the hostilities generated by two World Wars.

That said, however, it is of continuing pertinence to note, with just a faintly wary eye, the way in which the West German Republic has developed over the years. In this respect, the West German efforts to root out and bring to trial Nazi war criminals takes a place of major importance. Though usually done with an eye to propaganda, there has been some element of truth in the East German claim that the Bonn government has been less than full-hearted in its efforts to purge itself of war criminals.

Of late, however, there have been signs that the government has taken its duty in this respect with a renewed seriousness. There is no use in sheer vindictiveness, but as much as ever it remains necessary that the German people face up to their past. The disease of anti-Semitism is a tenacious one. It can be cured only by education and admission of guilt.

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De Gaulle and China

DIFFER with President de Gaulle all you want, but don't underestimate him. Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill made that mistake during World War II, and de Gaulle has been making us "Anglo-Saxons" pay for it ever since. De Gaulle may on occasion be wrong, and I often think he is, but even then he is rarely all-wrong; usually there is some sense in his position, especially if we get over the notion that United States and French national interests necessarily coincide.

Take, for example, de Gaulle's efforts to create an independent nuclear force. There are few things I deplore more than the spread of nuclear weapons; I hate to contemplate what international life will be like in a couple of decades if some of the new and not overly responsible nations manage to get hydrogen bombs of their own. Yet, given de Gaulle's almost mystical belief in France as a great power, I can see why he wants to join the nuclear club.

Like it or not, we have to admit that it is the nations with the nuclear know-how that call the world's tune these days. De Gaulle knows it too, and he wants in. Personally I may hope that the tide of history is away from de Gaulle's kind of nationalism, but we have to be honest about it: if France and the U.S.S.R. had the bomb and the U.S. did not, we'd be trying at least as hard as de Gaulle to get one. Furthermore, some good may even come out of de Gaulle's stubborn insistence on having his own national suicide kit; paradoxically enough, anything that works against the neat polarization of the world into two clear-cut blocs may in fact advance world peace.

I do not, therefore, regard with disdain everything with the de Gaulle trademark, as I think some American commentators tend to do. I may reject the de Gaulle thesis in the end, but I normally find the General's reasoning a fascinating process. With that said, then, let me confess that his recent decision to recognize Communist China leaves me somewhat baffled.

This is not to accept the notion that diplomatic recognition of Communist China is unthinkable. President de Gaulle describes his move as accepting the world the way it is, instead of pretending it is as we think it ought to be. To me this pragmatic approach makes a great deal of sense. Allowing China to speak only to Communist countries does not seem the way to get her to mend her ways. As for trade, I have no doubt that increased commerce would help China, but this does not bother me greatly; I see no possibility that the Communist government of China can be overthrown in the foreseeable future, and in these circumstances I fear a fat China less than one that is lean and hungry. Under certain circumstances, then, I would positively favor trying to blunt some of China's revolutionary ardor with the things of this world.

The trouble is, though, that President de Gaulle does not seem to be getting enough in return for recognition. True, France will get some trade, and French business with its traditionally strong ties in Asia will be pleased. But de Gaulle is hardly the man to engage in one of his grand maneuvers just to help a few merchants. What else is he getting?

If France's move involved even an implicit recognition on both sides of the "two Chinas" theory, President de Gaulle's move might have real value. It would at least have the merit of unfreezing a situation that is every year becoming increasingly ridiculous. But as Peking quickly and almost contemptuously made clear, Communist China is no more ready to recognize a "two Chinas" theory than Chiang Kai-shek. So what precisely has been gained by de Gaulle's decision to recognize the Chinese Communists?

De Gaulle would argue, I suppose, that France and China can now speak to each other, and in most cases I would agree that this is no small thing. In this case, though, experience indicates that de Gaulle will find Mao an even worse listener than he is. One should not exaggerate the value of conversation with the Chinese Communists; India's Menon knew how to talk to them, and what did it get him?

The chief problem, though, is likely to be the United Nations. Whether or not de Gaulle made a mistake in recognizing Communist China really makes little difference to us except for that. But this point could be very serious, if the experts turn out to be right and the former French colonies in Africa follow her lead in voting Communist China into a United Nations seat.

De Gaulle detests ideology in international affairs. He would argue that admitting the Chinese into the U.N. is simply realism, and there is much to be said for this point of view, just as there is much to be said for the grand tradition of European diplomacy de Gaulle's approach represents. Unfortunately, though, the practice of this kind of diplomacy requires a maturity and political sophistication not often met in our ideological age. Indeed, for better or for worse the fact is that at least three major world forces are not ready for the de Gaulle kind of diplomacy—the United Nations, the United States and, not least, the Communist Chinese. By choosing to ignore this fact, I fear, de Gaulle is guilty of some wishful thinking of his own.

JAMES O'GARA

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A Distinction Should Be Made Between Secularism and Secularization

Facing the Secular

HARVEY COX

IT IS A difficult time for monoliths. First, Protestants awoke one day to find that the unitary Roman phalanx was really a complex phenomenon in which strident disagreement on many important matters seemed not only to exist but to flourish. No sooner had that adjustment been made than we all began to notice in the Communist empire something that political scientists called "polycentrism." Disputes broke out between Moscow and Peking. Rival camps emerged and appeared within the "Socialist camp" itself. Albania played them off against each other to her own advantage, and one more mythical monolith was exposed for the tangled, tension-filled skein it is. Now with Elijah Muhammad scolding Malcolm X, even the Black Muslims have shed some of their monochrome "monolithity."

But for many Christians, one monolithic force retains its massive and undiminished singularity. The name of this hardy veteran, which has outlived all its less homologous contemporaries, is "secularism." Just pronounce its name and a congeries of foreboding associations swarm to the mind's surface, but all of them are subsumed beneath the single fateful nemesis: Secularism. It is the new *bête noire*. To be against it is something which rallies Catholics and Protestants, and indeed all sorts and conditions of "religious" men. Their ability to find fellowship in their anti-secular credo, even when all other visible marks of unity fail, is facilitated by a helpfully hazy idea of what secularism is.

At the risk of weakening one of the most sacrosanct pillars of this negative ecumenicity, I would like to suggest that secularism and secularization (I'll define the distinction in a moment) do not point to a monolithic, anti-Christian tendency at all, but to an exceedingly diverse series of historical movements which vary from place to place and which deserve at least the same degree of discrimination we exercise when distinguishing Cardinal Bea from Cardinal Ottaviani or Yevtushenko from Mao Tse Tung.

Let us begin by distinguishing between *secularization* and *secularism*. There is an important difference. The first, *secularization*, is a social and cultural movement of enormous scope, studied first by Max Weber. It is a broad-gauged historical tendency in which, initially, Western and then other societies and their institutions have been emerging from ecclesiastical control. Its hallmarks are the disestablishment of formerly favored churches, the separation of Church and State, social and cultural pluralism, "tolerance," and in general the disappearance of all official or covert duress in the area of religious belief and practice.

Secularism on the other hand is an "-ism," a dogma, a closed world-view whose devotees would seek to make it the new established faith of the age. It is a cult with all the characteristics of a parvenu religion. Its adherents are against authentic pluralism. They would like to re-introduce a type of cultural duress by twisting separation of Church and State into an anti-religious establishment. Secularism is not a product of secularization but is in some ways a counter-tendency, an intolerant, culturally imperialistic *Weltanschauung* which strives to impose its doctrines through the public institutions of the society.

ONCE THE distinction between secularization and secularism has been made, however, much clarification is still needed. Like every historical tendency, the process of secularization differs according to the social soil in which its seeds are planted and the cultural climate in which it develops. I would like to mention here four distinct types of secularization which call in turn for four different strategies on the part of Christians. Certainly my list does not exhaust the types of secularization, and there are many mixed breeds, but by indicating some of the differences I may reveal the chinks in the armor of yet one more mythical black knight.

To begin at a distance and work toward home, let us consider the so-called "secularism" of Jawaharlal Nehru and the major elements of the Congress Party in India. Nehru, though a devoted disciple of Gandhi, is certainly not a religious man. He grimaces painfully whenever he must go through even the most perfunctory religious observance. Once, at the dedication of a dam,

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he angrily waved away a Hindu sadhu who tried to anoint him with holy water. Nehru is in one sense a very "secular" man. But is he really a "secularist" in the sense we have described?

Nehru rules a country in which fratricidal religious battles have shed more blood than anywhere else in the world, yet a country that is justly known for its "spirituality." His view of religion springs from a variety of sources. It has its roots in the bitter struggle for independence against a "Christian" nation, in the sophisticated this-worldliness of Harrow and Cambridge where Nehru was educated, and in the Marxism which once prompted him to break with his master over whether India should industrialize. Also, Nehru's position has been forged in the fire of a lifetime of political combat against the Muslim League on the one side and the various Hindu parties on the other. Opposing both of these religious parties, he has always favored the "secular state," one in which public religious observance plays no role, no faith is given even the smallest element of state support, and relations between the various religious groupings are managed with scrupulous impartiality.

In this sense, Nehru goes at least as far as many of those who are so feared and despised as "secularists" by church leaders in many other countries. Why then has "secularist" Nehru won the consistent support of Indian Christians year after year?

The answer is that Nehru, however "secular" his personal connections may be, is not a dogmatic "secular*ist*." He wants India to be a *secular* state, and the overwhelming majority of Indian Christians agree. The alternative, especially since the partitioning of Pakistan, would probably be a Hindu sacral society. But even if it were not, India's vast variety of sects and religions, beside which American so-called pluralism must appear dully homogeneous, can survive only within a secular state.

In India it is nearly indisputable that Christians should struggle for a "secular state." This may also be the case in Burma and Thailand where the danger of sacralizing the state is always present. Thus, in cultures where the emergence of a "secular state" from the dim history of sacral societies is beginning to occur, it is meaningless for Christians to murmur darkly about secularization. In such societies secularization functions as an emancipation, and Christians, as numerous pronouncements by Indian church leaders have indicated, should support it.

BUT NOW let us turn to Western Europe. Certainly secularization in the venerable homeland of Christendom must be judged adversely. Or should it? Since our eyes have been opened to the world-wide scope of the Church, we can see now what we might not have noticed a few decades ago, that European "Christian civilization" was just as much a sacral society as was Inca Peru or Buddhist Tibet. Christianity was the religion of Europe. It was tied to European culture and identified as such by non-Europeans. But this so-called "Constantinian era" is over now and Christians should rejoice that it is. Slowly, ever so slowly, non-Europeans are beginning to accept a Gospel which is not simply the religious sanctification of Western cultural values.

The secularization of Europe has enabled us to see more clearly the truly "catholic" breadth of a faith which was once unimaginable without Greek metaphysics, Latin rituals and Gothic architecture. Time was when to "be a Christian" meant simply to be born (and baptized) within the boundaries of "Christendom." But since the discovery by Abbé Michonneau and Cardinal Suhard that France, as well as Mozambique, was a "land of mission," and the analogous awakenings of churches in Britain and Germany, this geographical theory of mission no longer holds. As Cardinal Suhard once said, France is a land full of baptized pagans.

There are no sacral societies. There is no more "Christendom." The Church exists everywhere in a "missionary situation," and this is precisely as it should be. Every parish is either what Abbé Michonneau calls a "*communauté missionaire*" or it is not a Christian parish at all but a vestigial remnant of cultural Christendom.

Over a hundred years ago Kierkegaard asked how it was even possible to be "a Christian in Christendom." He wondered how a man could say "yes" to the Gospel when its message was so obfuscated by its compromised involvement with European culture and bourgeois values.

Increasingly the process of secularization in Europe has alleviated Kierkegaard's problem. Marxism of various kinds, existentialism in its different forms, the passionate humanism of Camus and a kind of "what-the-hellism" associated with "La Dolce Vita," have increasingly presented Europeans with genuine live options to Christian faith. More and more, "being a

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Christian" is a conscious choice rather than a matter of birth and inertia. The change can hardly be viewed as an unfortunate one.

The young European Christians one meets now in the German ESG's (Protestant Student Christian Movements) or the French JOCists (Young Christian Workers) are not mourning the passing of Christendom. Many of them find the atmosphere of the new "post-Christian" Europe a bracing one. They can now present the claims of the Gospel in universities and trade unions without having to apologize constantly for the bourgeois baggage of a decaying Christendom.

Of course there are dangers in the new European climate. Lush affluence combines with the disorientation that haunts any transitional period to produce the kind of anomie reflected so well in, for example, the films of Jean-Luc-Godard. But it is idle to suppose that the lostness of which these are the symptoms could be cured by hauling Europe back to one of its previous cultural syntheses, be it Victorian, Hapsburg or Medieval. The Christian Church now has the opportunity to help forge a new spiritual fabric in Europe, one which will be truly humanistic and urbane, but in which the Christian Faith, instead of supplying the ruling ethos, will provide one of the living options in a genuinely pluralistic culture.

IN EASTERN Europe, where secularization is also proceeding apace, the situation is complicated by the oppressive presence of a militant secularistic world-view. But even there the monolith has feet of clay. In the process of secularization Communism plays an ambiguous role. It promotes massive industrialization and scientific work, thus providing some of the social pre-conditions of secularization. It is itself, however, a quasi-religious world-view with all the trappings of a new state church. This is especially evident in East Germany where the Communists have sought to take over the traditions and observances of the vanishing Lutheran *Landeskirchen,* including *ersatz* confirmation, wedding and burial services.

In the Eastern European situation, marked by a Marxist quasi-religious establishment, Christians become in effect the real advocates and protagonists of secularization. For example, it is the Catholic intellectuals, writing in such journals as *Slowe Powszechne* in Warsaw, who are the most articulate supporters of "cultural pluralism" in Poland today. The same is true in other satellite countries. One East German theologian says, "We do not oppose Communism because it is rationalistic, but because it is not rational enough; not because it is materialistic but because it is metaphysical. We want Communism to be what it says it is, scientific and socialistic, and to stop being a new holy orthodoxy."

Astute students of the history of Communism, such as Helmut Gollwitzer of the Free University of Berlin, are becoming increasingly convinced that it is a curious conglomerate of political analysis and action with an added nimbus of messianic utopianism. It is a program for one kind of economic development plus an ecstatic sectarian cult complete with saints and a beatific vision.

The Christians of Eastern Europe form one of the forces now splitting this basically unstable compound. By granting to Communist regimes political allegiance and, at the same time, withholding any acceptance of their closed, atheistic world-view, Christians contribute to what some scholars have termed the "de-ideologization" of Communism. Another way to describe the same process would be the "secularization" of Communism. Christians in Eastern Europe want Communism to be really "secular." They want it to purge itself from its holistic, quasi-religious aura and become what it really is, one way among others of relating economic institutions to state power. It will then have to demonstrate its mettle in a peaceful competition with other societies, a competition in which thus far it has not performed very well.

Many Western churchmen are deeply suspicious of Eastern European Christians who grant even a modicum of political allegiance to a Communist regime. They believe real Christians should either flee to the West or organize a resistance movement. But in staying in their countries and presenting Communists with the perplexity of a movement which is politically loyal but ideologically deviant, Christians perform a service both for their own societies and for an eventual "de-ideologization" of the Cold War. They make their own equivalent of the distinction between "liberalization" and "liberation." They are counting on the possibility of Communism's eventual secularization, and the disestablishment of the Marxist orthodoxy. For this reason wholesale condemnation by Christians of secularization in all its forms can only confuse the issue.

WHEN WE arrive at last at our own shores, the distinction between *secularization* (the cultural and political disestablishment of ecclesiastical power) and *secularism* (the establishment of a new, closed world-view) is even more important. We live in a country where a venerable Protestant sacral culture is just now breathing its last. Its departure, though lamented by some romantics and arcadians, has been greeted by many Protestants with the same relief that European Christians accept the death of "Western Christendom." Protestants may for the first time stand free enough of their culture to be against it or for it selectively, as the guidance of the Gospel suggests.

But unfortunately, just as this promising possibility has emerged, the sly temptation of a new sacral society has also appeared. It is the danger of what Martin

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Marty calls "American Shinto." He refers to the "American religion" with three denominations—Catholic, Protestant, Jew—laid open so neatly by Will Herberg and others. It is one of the hidden pitfalls of the present ecumenical thaw that we will be urged to remember, *à la* Brotherhood Week posters, that after all we are all Americans and have a common religious heritage.

As Franklin Littell has made potently clear in *From State Church to Pluralism,* this "religious past" is really a myth that badly needs de-mythologizing. People of a variety of religions, and none, came to America for a multiplicity of reasons, not all of them pious. The Protestant sacral culture was imposed on them. The secularization of American society has been a healthy development. It brought about the much-needed emancipation of Catholics, Jews and others from an enforced Protestant cultural religion. By freeing them it also freed Protestants from important aspects of their culture bondage. It would be too bad if Catholics and Jews, having rightly pushed for the de-Protestantizing of American society, and having in effect won, should now join Protestants in re-constituing a kind of tripartite American religion with Americanized versions of Moses, Luther and St. Thomas sharing the haloes in its hagiography. At this point Christians should continue to support the secularization of American society, recognizing that secularists, atheists and agnostics do not have to be second-class citizens.

We have yet to measure the enormous contribution the brief administration of John F. Kennedy made to the de-sacralizing of American society. His election itself marked the end of Protestant cultural hegemony. But in the way he fulfilled the office, in his quiet refusal to function as the high priest of the American religion, Kennedy made an indispensable contribution to the authentic and healthy secularization of our society. He was a supremely political leader. Though there can be little doubt that his Christian conscience informed many of his decisions, especially in the area of racial justice, he stalwartly declined to accept the semi-religious halo that Americans, deprived of a monarch who reigns *gratia dei,* have often tried to attach to their chief executive. In thus divesting his office of any sacral significance, Kennedy did, in his place, what the Christians of Eastern Europe do when they seek to distinguish between the political or economic and the ideological claims of Communist regimes. Kennedy helped us all grow up more than he ever knew.

THE SECULARISTS of America may be God's way of warning us that the era of sacred societies is over. Christians have contributed to its demise, perhaps more so than most of us realize. By separating the Pope from the Emperor, and thus granting a certain provisional autonomy to the secular arm, Western Christianity introduced a process which has produced the modern open society and the ecclesiastically neutral or secular state. But the seeds of secularization go back still further: to the creation story in which man is made responsible for the care of the world; to the separation of the kingly from the prophetic office in Israel; to the New Testament injunctions to respect those in authority so long as they do not make religious claims.

The task of American Christians *vis-à-vis* our non-religious fellow citizens is not to browbeat them but to make sure they stay secular. We must help them to be true to their own premises and not allow themselves to be perverted into a new fideism, the intolerant religion of secularism. In this respect the recent decision by the California State Board of Education, that the schools should have no hesitancy in teaching *about* religion, is a welcome one. The board paid its teachers a welcome compliment by suggesting they "are competent to differentiate between teaching about religion and conducting compulsory worship." Significantly, the board added that it would be just as illegal to teach a "point of view denying God" as it would be to "promote a particular religious sect."

This is a decision which points toward maturation in our society. It recognizes, as most Christians should, that the public school is no place for required prayers and hymn-singing. But it also recognizes, as so many disciples of secularism do not, that atheists and agnostics have no more right to propagandize their sectarian views through the schools than anyone else does.

Painful is the process by which a country as diverse as ours learns to outgrow its tutelage to ecclesiastical governance and to live in the adulthood of a truly open society, free from even the subtlest compulsions for or against religious belief. But the clearest voices in the emerging ecumenical consensus, among them the voice of Hans Küng, assure us that this is precisely the kind of society in which the Gospel thrives most vigorously. And secularization is one of the indispensable, if anguishing, processes by which such a society is attained.

Perhaps it is time that the monstrous monolith of secularization be laid to rest with the mythical minotaurs that preceded it, so that we can respond with reason and discrimination to what God is doing in history to make man more fully human.

Judgment Day

Stone towers float
Out of dense fog
Sudden as ghosts
Loud trumpets sound
Among empty houses
Running men collide
None has found
Where to hide

SAMUEL MENASHE

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Water, Water

LAWRENCE T. KING

AROUND the turn of the century, President Theodore Roosevelt proposed legislation to create an agency that would develop the water resources of the West and bring arid and semi-arid lands under cultivation. In an era of freewheeling private enterprise, the proposal was regarded as revolutionary. One Eastern senator expressed the feeling of the opposition in the debate on the floor of the Senate, "It is the height of irresponsibility—nay of fiscal folly—to propose another needless agency in our burgeoning bureaucracy and to expend millions of dollars to build dams in a region inhabited only by jackrabbits."

Roosevelt, however, knew the West better than any other President, and he realized that irrigation was the key that would unlock the potential agricultural wealth of the vast region. In his message to Congress, he stressed the argument that unless the federal government acted in this matter, vast areas of the Far West would remain undeveloped and would continue to constitute a perpetual drain upon the federal treasury.

Congress remained skeptical, and its opposition was overcome only by the assiduous efforts of the Western bloc in promising to back pet projects of Eastern and Southern legislators in return for their support of the reclamation bill. The strategy paid off, but to this day reclamation appropriations are regarded as "pork-barrel" measures.

Without the Reclamation Act of 1902, the Colorado River, which drains or cuts through the states of Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, New Mexico, Nevada, and California, would never have been harnessed, the Hoover Dam—originally called the Boulder Dam—would never have been built, and most of the great Southwest would still be labeled on our maps as "the Great American Desert." Today this region has fulfilled Theodore Roosevelt's dreams: the desert has been reclaimed, fields and groves have burgeoned, vast new cities have risen where only cactus once grew, and wealth far exceeding the legendary treasures of Cibola has been realized.

The Reclamation Bureau's giants in the West—Hoover, Grand Coulee and Shasta—provide water for irrigating eight million acres of some of the most productive agricultural land in the nation; and its forty-two hydroelectric plants at these dams generate enough power to supply the needs of more than six million people. Under the present concept of the multi-purpose Reclamation dam, a four-to-one ratio of benefits to costs has been realized. As a result, the dams are self-liquidating through the sale of water and power and add immeasurably to the nation's productive capacity.

It is somewhat ironic that a project initiated primarily to develop the agricultural potential of the Southwest should also become the arterial lifeline for one of the fastest growing metropolitan complexes in the nation. Within a few brief decades, the sprawling and picturesque citrus and olive groves that once lent so much charm to Southern California have given way to an urban explosion that has pre-empted most of the coastal land surface from Los Angeles to the Mexican border.

During the last ten years, California's population has increased by almost 47 per cent, and most of this growth has been in Southern California. In the same period, the population of Arizona has gone up 71 per cent while Nevada has experienced a surge of 76 per cent. Since the average annual rainfall in these states is nowhere sufficient to maintain an adequate life in the modern complex society that has been fashioned in the area, one can readily understand why Reclamation plays such a vital role in the West; without the water from the Colorado river stored in back of the Hoover Dam the region would soon return to the desert.

This also helps to explain the bitter rivalry that has developed between California and Arizona over allocation of the Colorado's waters. By the compact of 1922, drawn up by commissions representing the Colorado basin states, an agreement was reached on diversion of the river's waters. California agreed to limit itself to 4.4 million acre-feet (an acre-foot is enough water to cover a square acre to a depth of one foot). This compact became effective in 1929 when Congress passed the Boulder Canyon Project Act, despite protests and court challenges initiated by Arizona.

Late in the Hoover Administration, Arizona suffered another jolt when Secretary of the Interior Ray Lyman Wilbur, a Californian like the President, signed a contract with California which allowed the state 5.3 million acre-feet. The action was justified by California

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under a singular interpretation of the "law of the river clause" in the compact and the Boulder Canyon Project Act. In Washington, no one apparently was constrained to fight this development since there was demonstrable need for water in growing Southern California whereas Arizona, whose population then was still rather sparse, enjoyed a water entitlement far in excess of its needs.

From the very beginning, Arizona thus cast itself in the role of a David fighting California's Goliath. Ten years ago, a special master was appointed by the Supreme Court to recommend a solution to the dispute, which had been in and out of courts for almost half a century. After conducting 340 hearings and compiling 25,000 pages of testimony, the special master upheld Arizona's contention that California was illegally exceeding its Colorado water entitlement. He also noted that neither the Colorado River Compact nor the Boulder Canyon Act of 1929 made any provision for the allocation of the river's waters in years of shortage. He therefore recommended to the court that in such years the various states be allocated their shares on a pro rata basis.

The states involved were given an opportunity to present their reactions to this report before the Supreme Court. Finally, last June the Supreme Court issued its decision in the case, upholding the special master's recommendation on the California-Arizona allotment issue but rejecting his suggestion for pro rata allocations during years of shortages. Instead the court ruled that in dry years authority for allocation be vested in the Secretary of the Interior.

California water agencies petitioned the court to reconsider its decision, claiming they could present evidence to show that the water availability figure of 15 million acre-feet used by the special master in determining his allocations was an outdated one, and that the normal figure in recent years was far below that figure. In effect, California was arguing that the figures used in the 1922 Colorado River Compact, which the special master used as the bases for his recommendations, were no longer valid, and that the 7.5 million acre-feet allocated under the compact to the lower basin states of California, Nevada and Arizona would never reach those states.

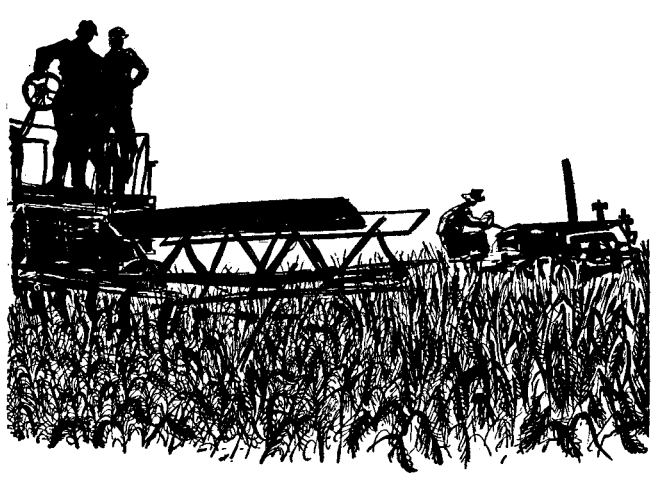
On October 21st of last year, the Supreme Court issued a terse thirty-eight word order rejecting California's request for reopening of the case. Forty years of litigation between California and Arizona had finally come to an end.

THE BATTLE over the water resources of the West, however, is far from over. The Supreme Court has merely shifted the scene of action from the courts to Capitol Hill—and to the legislatures of the Colorado basin states.

In 1950 when the Arizona congressional delegation introduced legislation for the authorization of the Central Arizona Project—an ambitious series of dams and aqueducts to bring Colorado River water from the northwestern part of the state down into the Phoenix area—the powerful California bloc was able to pressure Congress into shelving the legislation until the water-rights dispute between the two states was resolved. Now that the issue has been decided, Arizona's Senator Carl Hayden has already reintroduced the billion-dollar authorization measure, which will undoubtedly be taken up early in the year because of his powerful position as chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee.

California, surprisingly enough, has reacted to these developments with an amazing degree of equanimity. Five years ago, the prospect of losing a million-acre feet of water annually from the Colorado would have sent shock waves rolling through Southern California. Today the California Water Project—a $1.75 billion undertaking that Governor Edmund G. Brown pushed through the legislature as his first order of business after his election in 1958—is now ahead of schedule, with first deliveries from the water-rich northern part of the state to the arid south expected by 1972. Water authorities claim that even if Senator Hayden's bill sails through Congress, it will take Arizona ten to fifteen years to get the necessary facilities built to handle the diversion of its larger Colorado River allotment, and by that time California will have developed its own resources to more than compensate for its loss. *Time, then, is on California's side.*

These developments have made Governor Brown somewhat of a prophet in his own state. Until he took office, all water projects in California had been developed either by federal agencies or by locally organized water districts. The arrangement left Southern California completely dependent upon the Colorado River, a precarious situation indeed for a region that was attracting newcomers at the continuing rate of two thousand a day, and whose future depended upon the outcome of litigation involving six other basin states.



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When Brown campaigned for the governorship on a platform that stressed state water development, he was acutely conscious of the succession of California governors over the past fifty years who had taken office with the solemn assurance that would also move in this direction only to see their plans killed in the withering cross-fire of conflicting political and geographical interests of Northern and Southern California.

Upon his election, he lost no time in bringing his ambitious plan for a statewide water development plan before the legislature. As he expected, it aroused a storm of opposition. Northern Californians objected to paying for a project that would serve to spur Southern California's population growth and decrease its own political power in the state. There were those who rebelled at the high cost of the project; those who preferred half-a-dozen other plans to the one submitted by the governor; those who wanted to keep the state out of the water business; and even those who maintained that advances in techniques for salt-water conversion would make the entire project obsolete before it was finished.

It required political skill of the highest order for Governor Brown to get his project through the legislature, but his eventual success only served to increase the bitterness of his critics who united their forces to defeat the subsequent bond issue which, under California law, had to be submitted to the electorate. Governor Brown took his case to the people, and again he won. If he had not, the future of Southern California today would be clouded with uncertainty.

If the subsequent Supreme Court action served to enhance the stature of Governor Brown, it has also created a delicate problem for Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, an Arizonan. In vesting him with discretionary authority to allocate the waters of the Colorado in subnormal years—and practically every year now is a subnormal one under the criteria of the 1922 Compact—the Supreme Court has placed Udall in the unenviable political position of alienating either California, whose forty votes in the Electoral College cannot be taken cavalierly in the forthcoming Presidential election, or Arizona, the base of the secretary's own political power and the home state of the GOP's frontrunner, Barry Goldwater.

UDALL is not one to shrink from the exercise of power. In this situation, however, he has let it be known that he does not welcome the discretionary power thrust upon him by the court. He is astute enough—and also politician enough—to know that no matter how judiciously he exercises his new power, he could not possibly please either side.

The basic problem, as Udall sees it, revolves around the nation's future to safeguard existing water supplies and develop new sources to meet the needs of a rapidly expanding population. Costly, time-consuming litigation between states may result in legal solutions, Udall has pointed out, but they will not add a single acre-foot of water to the existing supply, which is bound to prove inadequate before long in face of the phenomenal population growth of the Southwest.

As the solution, Udall has proposed an ambitious, far-reaching program that would replace the water rivalries of the Southwest with a comprehensive, federal-state cooperative plan that would make more efficient use of present resources and develop new ones to assure enough water to meet "the present and future needs of the entire Southwest."

THE PLAN already has been submitted to the governors of Arizona, California, Nevada, New Mexico and Utah for study and comment. It will form the basis for legislation for the creation of a Southwest Water Development Program, which Udall hopes to submit to Congress early this year.

As envisioned by Udall, both the California Water Project and the Central Arizona Project would be coordinated into the overall federal program, with reservoirs, aqueducts and power-generating facilities also scheduled for construction in Utah and New Mexico. The program would be divided into two phases, with the projects in the first, at an estimated cost of $1.92 billion, to be constructed as soon as congressional authorization is obtained. The second phase would earmark projects for future development at a projected cost of $2.16 billion.

As originally proposed, the Udall plan called for enlargement of the California Water Project's aqueducts to carry surplus Northern California water to Arizona. Coming right on the heels of the Supreme Court's action in cutting California's Colorado River allotment by a million acre-feet, this proposal was like rubbing salt in the wound. Governor Brown immediately rejected the proposal. After all, he had to virtually bludgeon Northern California into agreeing to supply water to Southern California. What prospects could he possibly have of getting legislative concurrence on any proposal that would add Arizona to the water beneficiary list?

Realizing the problem confronting Governor Brown, Udall has dropped the California water export proposal from the program. In return, Governor Brown has endorsed the concept of regional water development and has indicated the revised program would be given sympathetic consideration. The governors of the four other states involved have given the program their enthusiastic support.

The fate of the Southwest Water Development Program now rests with Congress. Udall is confident that he can get the legislation through, despite the $4-billion price tag it will carry. Much will depend,

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of course, on how hard—and adroitly—the enabling legislation will be pushed by President Johnson.

This much is certain, however: the "do-nothing" bloc in Congress will be waiting to pounce on the measure with the same tired, myopic arguments that were used against Theodore Roosevelt when he first proposed establishment of the Bureau of Reclamation, against Franklin Roosevelt when he unveiled his plans for the Tennessee Valley, against John F. Kennedy when he asked for the creation of a Department of Urban Affairs.

The same voices will be heard again. Will they be allowed to foreclose on the future of a region that has contributed greatly to our national wealth? Without a vigorous, far-sighted regional water program, the Southwest will revert to internecine rivalries over allocations of existing resources and will face the bleak prospect of trying to support a population greater than its resources can sustain.

Today, the Southwest is one of our economic bright spots in terms of per capita wealth and productive capacity. Tomorrow, it could become a depressed area —another Appalachia—if our governing agencies fail to meet the present challenge of long-range water development.

A Protestant Viewpoint

An Ecumenical Pioneer

ROBERT McAFEE BROWN

ONE OF MY first public appearances with Father Gustave Weigel, S.J., was at St. Peter's College in Jersey City. We were on a program with Will Herberg and the three of us converged somewhere outside the main building. This was one of my first excursions into "the land of the Jesuits" and I recall feeling a bit lonely. We went in the main door, which closed behind us. We went through a door into a long corridor and as that door closed behind us, various black-robed figures seemed to appear from all directions. We walked down the corridor and into a small room, the door closing behind us and more black-robed figures engulfing us. We finally went into a small inner room, the private office of the Father Rector, and as that door closed a voice was heard to say to Herberg and myself, "I think we'll just line you up against the wall and shoot you right here."

The voice, I discovered a few seconds later, was the voice of a photographer.

There was a time, not too many generations ago, when the *double entendre* wouldn't have eased the tension but only intensified it. As it was, the room was suddenly transformed into a laughing Jew, a laughing Protestant, about a dozen laughing Jesuits, and one embarrassed photographer. And while it will not do to remember Father Weigel as The Laughing Jesuit (for he could be stern on occasion) it is better to remember him thus than in the rather prim manner in which we usually remember the dead. Indeed, it was the mark of real inspiration that when his friends at Woodstock College sent out a prayer card for Father Weigel after his death, the picture they put on it was a picture of Father Weigel laughing, rather than a picture of Father Weigel the solemn-faced Jesuit theologian. It was the appropriate tribute, and the way to etch a memory of him firmly in his friends' minds.

THAT must be the way he is remembered—as a great, openhearted man, who by the genuineness of his personal concern for others broke through barriers between Catholics and Protestants, Catholics and Jews, Catholics and secularists. One need not be long-faced, and one need not be sentimental, in remembering him. It would never do, for example, to characterize Father Weigel as a great letter-writer. He was a terrible letter-writer, as he was the first to admit. In all the process of our writing *An American Dialogue* together, I was able to get only one short note out of him, in which, after having read my half of the book he confined himself to suggesting that I move Maria Laach monastery back to Germany where it belonged. But he was a good man on the telephone, and if you wanted a quick response from him, you had to track him down to a phone booth—and if you did, you could be pretty sure that his response to your request would be in the affirmative. And he was a great man in conversation, giving himself unstintingly to anyone who had a question—as I learned many times during the course of the second session of the Vatican Council this fall.

Americans need to remember that until Roman Catholic ecumenism got off the ground about five years ago,

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during the pontificate of Pope John, its advance guard tended to be Europeans. We Protestants, describing the ecumenical attitude in Catholicism, would refer to people like Yves Congar, Abbé Couturier, George Tavard, Karl Adam, Gregory Baum, and others. When asked who the ecumenically-minded American Catholics were, we would start off enthusiastically, "Well, there's Father Weigel . . ." and then discover, as our voices trailed off, that we had just about exhausted the list of ecumenically-minded American Catholics.

The fact that ecumenism has now entered American Catholicism to stay should not blind us to the fact that there were long, lean years when most of it was borne on the broad and capable shoulders of Gustave Weigel, S.J. He was in this arena, working vigorously, long before it was popular or even "safe." (They say that the place where he used to celebrate mass at Woodstock College was known as "the Protestant chapel.") For years he roamed the length and breadth of the country, talking to this group and that, appearing on innumerable college campuses, speaking in Protestant seminary lecture series, participating in three-faith discussions, and all the rest. Indeed, it is partly, perhaps principally, because he bore this weight so effectively and so unstintingly, making himself available with such a staggering generosity of time and energy to non-Catholic groups, that his heart quietly stopped beating early in January, shortly after his return from the Council.

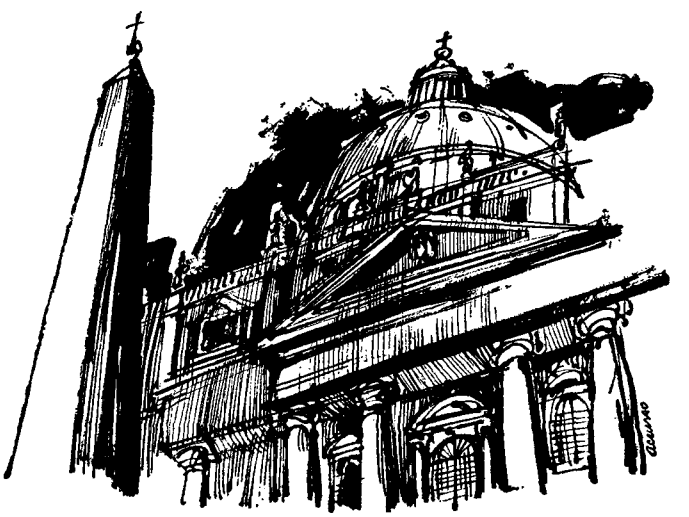
Those of us who saw him at the Council every day frequently commented on how tired he appeared to be, and he himself was aware that he was worn out. Indeed, he had been to the doctor on the day before his death and had been told that he must get some rest. As I remember his days at the Council, it is a little hard for me to conceive of him as "resting," though he was, toward the end, trying to cut down on evening engagements.

He would begin each day before 6 a.m., getting up to say mass, and would appear in the dining hall of our *pensione* promptly at 7 a.m., where I used to meet him and eat with him. At about 8 a.m. he would meet with the English-speaking observers in the lounge of the *pensione* and translate for us the portions of the *schema* that were to be discussed that morning in the Council—a completely "extra" assignment that he volunteered to do simply to help us out. Then from 9 a.m. until noon he would sit with us in the observers' tribune, translating all the Latin that was being spoken in the Council session—one of the most exhausting intellectual exercises ever devised by man. Every day from 3 to 4 p.m. he would serve on the American press panel, subject to a steady barrage of questions by 70 to 75 newsmen, and as the late Milton Bracker of the New York *Times* commented just before his own death recently, he was really the star of the panel, both for his wit and his clarity. (After doing considerable research in the matter I've come to the conclusion that it was Father Weigel who invented the "ecumenical cocktail," a dry Montini.) On most afternoons he would have a meeting from 4 to 6 or 6:30 p.m., concerned with one or another of the functions of the Council, and there was usually an evening meeting at which he was obliged to be present.

THESE WERE only his regular appointments. In addition, there were always the extra demands being made by people who knew he wouldn't turn them down. When I suddenly found out one day that I was due to address the American *periti* the next afternoon on Protestant reactions to the "religious liberty" chapter of the ecumenism *schema*, I instinctively turned to Father Weigel for help in translating it, and he instinctively gave up whatever he was doing that evening, in order to help me.

Indeed, I recall only one way in which he was able to detach himself from the steady, intensive and relentless pressures of the Council, and he did so in a way that proved conclusively that he was a great theologian. For he indulged in that infallible hallmark of the theological mind—the enjoyment of detective stories. I was the recipient from another of the observers of a fairly steady stream of Agatha Christie and Marjorie Allingham, and I in turn would pass them on to him, and there would be occasional moments of relief from *schemata* and collegiality and married deacons when we would compare the detecting methods of Hercule Poirot and Mr. Campion. Father Weigel particularly liked Mr. Campion because he had a good Jesuit name.

He had the facility of redeeming any moment from undue solemnity that threatened to get ponderous. I recall an afternoon meeting of English-speaking observers and Catholic theologians from the Secretariat for Christian Unity. At the end of the meeting it was proposed that we say the Lord's Prayer together. We observers had been to mass enough times to realize that the Catholic version of the prayer ends after *Sed libera nos a malo* ("But deliver us from evil"). The Catholics knew that our Protestant version includes a final doxology,



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BOOKS

FOR BROTHERHOOD

This Books for Brotherhood list includes books of general interest in the field of intergroup relations. The books are chosen from among the many published from August, 1962 through July, 1963. They were selected not for the information about any particular religious group but because they do most to promote understanding among various groups. The list is the result of unanimous agreement by a representative committee with wide experience in evaluating books, on their recommendations of the best in the field, for children, young people, and adults.

MICHA F. OPPENHEIM, Librarian
Paula K. Lazrus Library
of Intergroup Relations

ADULT LIST

Selected by . . .

SOLOMON S. BERNARDS, Director, Department of Interreligious Cooperation, Anti-Defamation League.

JAMES FINN, Editor, "Worldview."

MARY C. HATCH, Head Librarian, Central Circulation, The New York Public Library.

BARBARA JONAS, Chairman, Adult Book Review Committee, Child Study Association of America.

J. OSCAR LEE, Director, Department of Racial and Cultural Relations, National Council of Churches.

DORIS VIACAVA, Assistant Librarian, Iona College, New Rochelle, New York.

This selection from the complete list is presented by the publishers named below

ADULT LIST

The Desegregated Heart, by Sarah Patton Boyle. Morrow. $5.00.

A Virginian writes candidly and revealingly of her re-education from a "daughter of the Old South," with all its segregation implications, to a vocal and active defender of Negro rights in her native state and throughout the country.

Discrimination, by Wallace Mendelson. Spectrum Books. $1.95.

The five-volume report of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights submitted to Congress in 1961 is condensed into 175 pages in this paperback; the five areas investigated were voting, education, employment, housing, and police misconduct.

Echo in My Soul, by Septima Poinsette Clark with LeGette Blythe. Dutton. $4.50.

Autobiography of a Negro teacher in the South, and her dedication to both her profession and the rights of her people, including recognition for her fellow teachers, pioneering in literacy education, and fighting for integration.

The Ghetto Game: Racial Conflicts in the City, by Dennis Clark. Sheed and Ward. $4.00.

The social, economic, and moral dimensions of residential segregation in our cities are thoroughly analyzed in this stimulating study of an all-pervasive national problem.

In the Eyes of Others, edited by Robert W. Gleason, S.J. Macmillan. $3.95.

A collection of essays by eight noted Jesuits who aim to dispel some common misunderstandings about the Catholic Church.

The Long Shadow of Little Rock: A Memoir, by Daisy Bates. McKay. $4.75.

The author, who led the school integration fight in Little Rock, describes the struggle in moving detail. Her courage and faith in democracy are evident on every page.

Man in the Struggle for Peace, by Charles Malik. Harper and Row. $5.00.

Lebanon's familiar representative at the U.N. and a former president of the General Assembly describes the way in which the U.N. operates. He also makes general recommendations for the West in its struggle against Communist forces, within and outside of the U.N.

Pacem in Terris. Pope John XXIII. Paulist Press. $.35.

Addressed to all men of good will, this encyclical, as Walter Lippmann has said, restates the basic philosophy of our free, democratic society and outlines the means to preserve it.

Prejudice and Your Child, by Kenneth B. Clark. 2d ed. enlarged. Beacon Paperbacks. $1.75.

A study of what prejudice does to children and suggestions for combatting prejudice by community agencies. Important additional material has been added on the role of the social sciences in desegregation and the legal background of the school segregation cases.

The Root and the Branch: Judaism and the Free Society, by Robert Gordis. University of Chicago Press. $3.95.

The contribution of Judaism to the solution of the world's major social problems is examined by a noted Jewish scholar. Christian-Jewish cooperation, Church-state relations are discussed in the context of Bible ethics.

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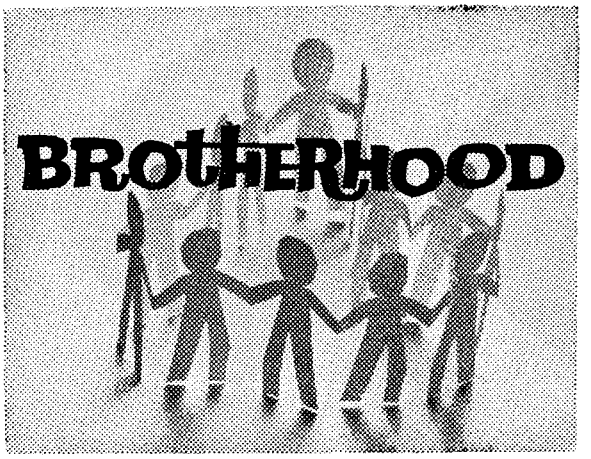
CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST

Selected by . . .

ELIZABETH ALLSTROM, writer of Christian Education materials for children.
AUGUSTA BAKER, Coordinator of Children's Services, The New York Public Library.
JOSETTE FRANK, Staff Associate for Children's Books, Child Study Association of America.
NORA KRAMER, Consultant on Books for Children and Young People, the Bookplan.
ETHNA SHEEHAN, Children's Consultant, Queens Borough Public Library.



For the complete Books for Brotherhood list write to
The National Conference of Christians and Jews, 43 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Soon, One Morning: New Writing by American Negroes, 1940-1962, edited by Herbert Hill. Knopf. $6.95.

A collection of essays, short stories and poems reveals the rich artistic tradition now emerging among American Negro writers, much of which has never been published before.

The South and the Southerner, by Ralph McGill. Little, Brown. $5.00.

A perceptive commentary upon events and issues that have made recent Southern history, by the distinguished publisher of the Atlanta Constitution. Includes some autobiography.

Strength to Love, by Martin Luther King, Jr. Harper and Row. $3.50.

Sermons setting forth the deep convictions and faith which shaped the famous Negro leader's philosophy of life, revealing the Christian ethics behind today's non-violent revolution in the desegregation movement.

Thirteen for Christ, edited by Melville Harcourt. Sheed and Ward. $5.00.

Thirteen varied portraits of contemporary Christians who have taken their faith seriously and have thereby left a significant mark on our times.

The Unity of Christians, by Augustin Cardinal Bea. Herder and Herder. $4.95.

Cardinal Bea, who is President of the Secretariat for Promoting Christian Unity, puts forth lucidly and cogently what he regards as the basis of true Christian unity. His views are both theologically confident and realistic.

World Without Want, by Paul G. Hoffman. Harper and Row. $3.50.

The man who carried the Marshall Plan to success outlines a stirring and practical program to combat the poverty and illiteracy that enslave two-thirds of mankind and threaten explosive revolt in Africa, Asia and Latin America.

CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST

Baseball Flyhawk, by Matthew F. Christopher. Little, Brown. $2.95. 9-11.

A lively baseball story, in which Chico, lately of Puerto Rico, loses out in friendship and in baseball until he stops trying too hard, and then wins success in both.

Champion of World Peace: Dag Hammarskjold, by I. E. Levine. Messner. $2.99. 12-15.

The work of the United Nations illumined in a fine biography of this dedicated and distinguished diplomat.

Customs and Holidays Around the World, by Lavinia Dobler. Fleet. $4.50. 9-15.

Religious and national holidays as they are celebrated by many sects and in many countries in an inviting book.

The Snowy Day, story and pictures by Ezra Jack Keats. Viking Press. $3.00. 4-7.

One small boy's adventures in the snow are the adventures of all small boys who live where, in the night, a soft whiteness silently covers ground and trees and, in the morning, calls "Here I am! Come play with me!"

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WHAT IS THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIANS AND JEWS?

NCCJ is a civic organization engaged in a nation-wide program of intergroup education. It enlists Protestants, Catholics and Jews who without compromise of conscience or of their distinctive and important religious differences work together to build better relationships among men of all religions, races and nationalities. Its operation is civic and social although, obviously, the roots of the brotherhood which it seeks to build are in the moral law and in religious faith.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIANS AND JEWS

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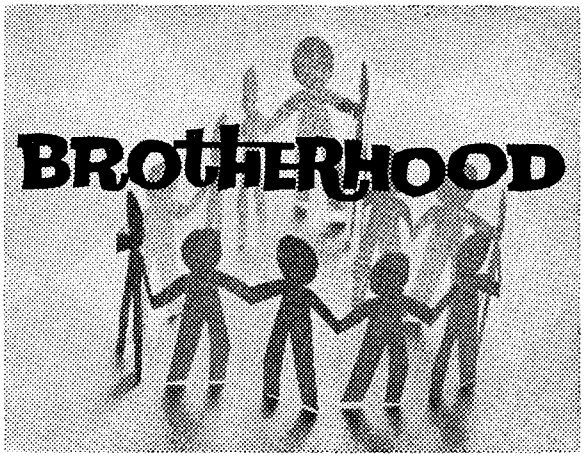

CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST (Continued)

The Story of the United Nations, by Katharine Savage. Walck. $4.00. 11-16.

The background, early struggles, achievements and setbacks of this newest, most widespread and constructive organization for world peace are set forth with objectivity and clarity.

New Boy in School, by May Justus. Hastings House. $2.95. 6-8.

Lennie's family moves to Nashville, Tennessee, when the school year is well under way and the little boy finds himself the only Negro child in a newly integrated class. His fear of his strange environment, his sensitivity, and his unwillingness to participate in class activities are gradually surmounted in a very natural manner through good will on all sides and the wisdom of Lennie's parents.

Operation Escape: The Adventure of Father O'Flaherty, by Daniel M. Madden. Hawthorn. $2.95. 9-15.

Exciting, true story of the heroism of a priest who risked his life to save allied soldiers in Italy in World War II.

Our Veronica Goes to Petunia's Farm, by Roger Duvoisin. Knopf. $2.95. 4-8.

How Veronica, the hippopotamus, changes the prejudiced attitudes of the farm animals and makes them her friends.

The Peaceable Revolution, by Betty Schechter. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75. 9-15.

The related stories of three men—Thoreau, Gandhi, and Martin Luther King—present a moving and continuous record of bloodless battle for justice.

Pierre Toussaint, Pioneer in Brotherhood, by Arthur T. and Elizabeth Odell Sheehan. Kenedy. $2.50. 9-14.

The touching and inspiring story of the Haitian-born slave who, in the days of early New York, became to rich and poor alike the symbol of interracial understanding and universal charity as he devoted himself to their good for more than half a century.

Ronnie and the Chief's Son, by Elizabeth Coatsworth. Macmillan. $3.00. 8-12.

An African tale in which a captive white boy, aided by the chief's son, is carried back to his home in a great herd of antelopes.

The Story of Peter Cronheim, by Kenneth Ambrose. Duell, Sloan and Pierce. $2.95. 10-12.

The rising power of Hitler in 1932, seen through the poignant story of a Jewish boy whose family manages to get him away to school in England in time to escape the worst of the holocaust. Powerfully and sensitively written.

Tatsinda, by Elizabeth Enright. Harcourt, Brace and World. $3.50. 9-11.

The brown-eyed, golden-haired girl from beyond the mountains was a misfit in Tatrajan, where everyone had greenish-blue eyes and shining white hair. But it was Tatsinda who overcame the greedy giant and brought peace and happiness back to her beautiful adopted land.

Understanding Kim, by Pelagie Doane. Lippincott. $2.95. 8-10.

Although 10-year-old Penny plans happily for the acceptance into her American family of 10-year-old Kim, her adopted Korean sister, she soon discovers that the arrangement is not as simple and easy as he had imagined, and that it requires the gift of herself to Kim.

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"For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever." So, in instinctive gestures to make the other group feel at home, it transpired that on this occasion all the Protestants stopped after "But deliver us from evil," while all the Catholics continued to say the prayer through to the conclusion of the doxology. We commented afterwards on the fact that although it produced a moment of some awkwardness, it was also a rather touching ecumenical gesture. But when I began to get a little starry-eyed about the experience that night at supper, Father Weigel reminded me, "Why shouldn't we Catholics say the final lines? After all, they're nothing but a Catholic addition to the original text."

While I can't be absolutely sure that Father Weigel originated the term "dry Montini," I can be sure that he developed the most helpful categories for distinguishing between the two main points of view at the Council. In the face of the difficulty of contrasts like "liberals" and "reactionaries," or "conservatives" and "progressives," Father Weigel coined the terms "open-door minds" and "closed-door minds." Some of the bishops, he said, were open in their attitude, and some were closed. And the term "open-door mind" turns out to be a good description of Father Weigel himself.

This does not mean that he sat lightly to Catholic dogma or was *avant garde* in his theological opinions. Indeed, he was more conventional and orthodox in his theology than many Protestants were aware, who knew him chiefly through his hearty good spirit and broad humanity. But he did not have a fixed and narrow mind. It was open to new currents, and those who saw him in action at the Council could not doubt that his sympathies lay with the "open-door" fathers who wanted to relate "the faith once delivered to the saints" to the modern world, to the non-Catholic, and to the future—three things that are feared above all else by the "closed-door" group.

HIS ATTITUDE toward the whole ecumenical problem was constantly enlarging. He said, at one of those early morning breakfast conversations, that in talking with any non-Catholic, he always assumed that the person was somehow within the church, even though it was difficult to explain theologically how this was so. He and I talked about the possibility of doing a follow-up to our *American Dialogue*. We thought that when the Council had finally adjourned and there had been a chance for Christendom to absorb its insights, it might be time for a new report on the state of ecumenical affairs. I said that I had learned a lot even since the book had first appeared, and suggested that we should each have an initial chapter entitled *Retractiones*, "retractions," indicating where we had changed our minds about certain things. He was all for this, acknowledging that he too had grown and changed in his estimate of the ecumenical situation, so that what he had written in 1960 was no longer any kind of adequate index to what he thought in 1963.

He was fond of pointing out that being in a religious order was not confining but liberating, and indeed it was his "freedom" as a Jesuit that gave him such maneuverability on the ecumenical scene. And yet he could contemplate what other courses of action might have been like, as on the night he had dinner with our family and remarked, a *bit* wistfully as it seemed to me, to our then twelve-year-old Peter, "It would be pretty nice to sit opposite someone like you every meal . . . I wonder what it would have done to my theology."

The ways of providence are mysterious, and both Catholics and Protestants, confronted with the completely unexpected death of the great-hearted man we all called "Gus," can agree that there was probably no man on either side of the divide we could less afford to spare. To be perfectly blunt, I can think of a good many deaths that would serve to enhance the rapidity of the ecumenical encounter. But Father Weigel was the man we needed just now to help us advance that dialogue, to interpret the Council to Protestants, to explain it to Catholics, to prod those in places of authority to more decisive action. The fact that he is not here to do these things puts a greater pressure than ever on the rest of us. In the past we could count on him to make the overtures, to break through walls of division, to initiate new conversations, but now we will have to do those things with redoubled intensity, that the gains he helped to make are not only consolidated but come to serve as the basis for new breakthroughs.

Protestant observers at the next session of Vatican II will miss him sorely. But although he will not be there in the flesh, I believe he will be very close to the Basilica of St. Peter's come next September. And it does not take much of an act of imagination to see him cheering the Council on from the same corner of heaven in which for the past year Pope John has been engaged in an identical enterprise.

The Churchgoers

In diamond air the snowy trees are bowed
before a sky so morning-glory blue
that della Robbia angels, two by two,
might pace its holy clarity like cloud.
The morning's an immaculate conception
where children walk on water turned to stars.
No path snakes through the garden, nothing mars
this chaste and blue-veined pavement of perfection
that bears a child's weight, but to us is thin
as egg shell. Listen: a shining stave
of child song rings in the orchard's navel
We sink at every step, blundering in.

NANCY PRICE

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THE SCREEN

What Five-Sided Building?

IT'S NO wonder that the Pentagon is clamping down on cooperation with the movie makers. Some of the publicity that officers got in connection with assistance on "The Longest Day" didn't exactly put them in good light. In any case, the military probably saw the handwriting on the Pentagon wall and realized that film producers wouldn't always be complimentary. That day has come, and Pentagon officials must be downright unhappy over two new movies, both having much to say about uniformed men in high position: one tells a fantastic tale in a deadly serious manner, and the other tells a deadly serious story in flippant comedy style.

You don't have to believe "Seven Days in May," but, except for the confusing opening scenes showing riots in front of the White House and then introducing far too many characters in a hurry, it proves to be one of the most exciting films in years. Handsomely produced by Edward Lewis with an outstanding cast and some fine photography of Washington and other locales, and excellently directed by John Frankenheimer, who builds up a tremendous suspense along with all the realistic touches, "Seven Days" succeeds in giving its far-fetched story an it-could-happen-here tone. Rod Serling's well-written script, based on the novel by Fletcher Knebel and Charles W. Bailey, is mainly concerned with a Pentagon plot, under the leadership of Gen. James Scott, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, to kidnap the President of the United States and take over the government. The plotters are particularly unhappy now (the time is set in the not-too-distant future) because the cold war has ended with President Lyman's plan for universal nuclear disarmament—a plan agreed to by Russia and ratified by the U.S. Senate. Since Lyman's popularity is at a low point, General Scott decides now is the time to pull the coup.

What happens from then on is thrilling, not only because of the action during the intrigues and counter-intrigues, but also because of the people involved and their behavior. The cast turns in fine performances throughout and this is important to the story; over-acting would have made it ridiculous. Fredric March plays President Lyman as a sort of middling-good President, nothing spectacular—until the chips are down; and then he rises to a defense of democracy, the Constitution, and orderly legal methods that is indeed inspiring. Burt Lancaster is effective too as the fascist-thinking General Scott, an opportunist who convinces his followers that the ripe opportunity is now. Kirk Douglas stands out as the Marine colonel who discovers the plot, decides where his loyalties lie, and rallies to the President, even though he is given an unpleasant job as an informer, spying not only on Scott but on Scott's former mistress (Ava Gardner) to acquire a packet of incriminating letters. In smaller but also important roles are Edmond O'Brien as a loyal Georgia Senator, Martin Balsam as the President's aide, and several other good actors portraying characters who line up on one side or the other. Lining up is a must, because there is no middle ground in the military's plans to take over. The script softens the general-as-villain theme a bit when the Georgia Senator explains that the real enemy is a nuclear age that has thrown today's people into despair, "people who look for a leader like Senator McCarthy or General Walker." There's nothing soft about the film itself, however, and it's guaranteed to keep audiences on their chairs right to the rousing finale.

IF THE Pentagon has any complaints to make about Stanley Kubrick's "Dr. Strangelove, or: How I Learned To Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb," they are not alone in feeling offended at being kidded so vigorously. "Strangelove" shows what happens when a wacky general in the Air Force orders an attack on the Soviet Union much to the distress of the President who tries to stop it but can't. One bomber gets through, drops its H-bomb which automatically sets off Russia's Doomsday Machine that polishes off all life on earth. If you can stomach all this nuclear horror as subject matter for a satirical comedy, you may have a good time at "Strangelove." The film goes to town in making fun of technology, officialdom, diplomats, militarists, other movies about them, and, most of all, the madness of total war. So the Pentagon, although laughed at the most viciously, is by no means alone in being given the raspberry.

No doubt producer-director-writer Kubrick, who made such off-beat films as "Lolita," "Paths of Glory," and even the unusual spectacle, "Spartacus," wanted to shock us into thinking seriously about the insanity of the nuclear holocaust. But in going to such extremes of burlesque in his comedy, he detracts from the important theme. Some of the scenes, like his parody of other movies' bomber crews or his wild carryings-on in the War Room of the Pentagon, are quite amusing. But more often his jokes are on the childish level of risqué skits in a cheap burlesque show. The names of most of his characters are obvious puns: Gen. Jack D. Ripper, Ambassador de Sadesky, President Merkin Muffley, Major "King" Kong, etc. And he mixes bright satirical wit with slapstick, pointless wisecracks about sex, and phallic symbols that even a beginning psychology student would consider puerile.

If Kubrick's only intention was to shock and make us think about his film and nuclear war, he may have succeeded. This controversial movie may very well do

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that. And its good cast, for all their over-acting, manages to win our attention, especially Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Keenan Wynn, Sterling Hayden, and some of the others. However, the extreme tastlessness of "Strangelove" may drive many people away from the movie. While a few of the critics are now calling Stanley Kubrick a "boy genius," I'm wondering if the emphasis shouldn't be more on "boy" and less on "genius."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG

CORRESPONDENCE

Federal Aid

Granger, Ind.

TO THE EDITORS: How can a Catholic hail the Louisiana textbook decision without pointing out that free textbooks in Louisiana have held back the integration of Catholic schools there? How can a Catholic speak approvingly of the European system of subsidizing parochial schools without mentioning that Hitler helped consolidate his rise to power by dangling promises of school aid before the Catholic population? How can we speak piously of the freedom to maintain separate schools at small cost, if we are so ready to give up a far more basic freedom for religion, freedom from dependence on the state?

The state, by force of circumstances (the bomb) is now in a position to commit the most monstrous crimes, if it is not restrained by conscience. And whose conscience will restrain it if the Churches have been turned into "kept" institutions? The weakness of the Churches in the face of political crimes has always been appalling. It would be the height of irresponsibility to create any condition of dependence on the state that would only compound that weakness.

Our talk of freedom in regard to the parochial schools is so much window dressing. We are not interested in freedom to teach religion. That already exists during the time when the child is not in school. What we want is compulsory attendance at religion classes, during the time when a child *has* to be in school anyway. Released-time makes this motivation transparent. We have found by experience that Catholics will not send their children to religious classes unless those classes have the semi-compulsory character of a secular elective.

The vaunted permeation of secular subjects by religion in Catholic schools is usually either highly artificial or almost non-existent. The much needed permeation of religious thought by advances in secular knowledge, of which Dr. Shuster dreams, is a long way from realization in any Catholic schools, though it could provide them with a real reason for existing. No, the basis for our desire to juxtapose religious and secular subjects is the simple fact that Catholic children will attend religion classes only when those classes ride the coat-tails of something more "worth-while."

Even without federal money, we are already abjectly dependent on government aid to keep our religion classes going, whether in parochial schools where they are part of the compulsory school day, or in released-time or shared-time programs. Most of us are not conscious of this dependence, however. The evil of federal aid is that we would be aware of it, and it would emasculate the Church at the very time when the state must be watched like a hawk, not because statesmen are any worse than before, but because they wield power of such catastrophic proportions.

JULIAN PLEASANTS

Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

TO THE EDITORS: Is it all *that* bad? I've just come up for air after going through the January 31 issue on "Federal Aid and Catholic Schools," and, as the numb despair recedes, I wonder, with conditions as black as your authors have painted them, why there are any Catholics left in the United States at all.

Do you realize how desolate you've made the whole thing seem? I refer now not to the state of Catholic education but to the plight of American Catholicism and of the pitiful, neglected (see said issue) American Catholics. Brother, are they ever getting it in the neck!

Reading Father Francoeur's article on "The Price We Pay," I discovered that: (1) we're deprived of churches until we get up our schools; (2) Sunday Mass is whipped through in a series of mechanical shifts; (3) our priests have no time for anything but raising money for the schools; (4) our priests, consequently, can give us no pastoral care or spiritual guidance; (5) our priests are activists unaware "even of the commands and exhortations of the modern popes;" and (6) once we are past parochial grammar school, our pastors give us no opportunity to arrive at "a more mature understanding of the didactic function of the liturgy." Naturally, after so thorough-going an indictment, it was a real startler to learn (through Mr. Scharper's article) that the level of Catholic practice among contemporary American adult Catholics is the greatest in the world. How come?

I had trouble recognizing the forlorn picture given above. We are a new parish and we built our church and grammar school simultaneously. At pre-construction meetings a minimum of time was spent on fund-raising plans, and most of it on learning the responses for dialogue Mass. One of our pastor's first projects, after we entered our church, was to urge us to sign up for a weekly holy hour, so that someone is always honoring the Blessed Sacrament from six o'clock in the morning when the church doors open until ten at night when

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they close. Another was to institute a weekly Bible study class.

We have had two series of sermons on the proposed reforms in the liturgy, and were the first parish in the diocese to participate in Masses celebrated with the priest facing the congregation. We are urged to attend adult baptisms (fasting beforehand) to emphasize the element of fraternal rejoicing. Next week we are beginning a series of classes on the accomplishments of the Council and all the schemata. Our pastor and his assistant are sincerely interested in the problems of their parishioners. I'm sure that I'm not exaggerating when I say that most of us consider St. Jerome's a second—and spiritual—home.

Surely our case is not one odd exception! I make no claim that it is the general rule, but the very fact that so many Catholics are faithful to their practice is proof that they are not being given a stone instead of bread. Many of us are receiving the spiritual sustenance that we long for from our church.

Conditions such as your writers deplore *do* exist. We all know it. I beg of you only not to ignore the fact that over many (and, perhaps, over more than you suspect) Catholics parishes the Holy Ghost truly "broods with ah, bright wings!" MARIAN E. SMITH

"Women and the Church"

Madison, Wisc.

TO THE EDITORS: Rosemary Lauer's article ["Women and the Church," December 20] airs a problem I feared would never be discussed. I am sure it will raise many objections since the present concept of the role of woman is so deeply rooted in tradition from the beginning of time.

The potential of a more active woman within the Church is obvious. It is now for the Church to accept her by reconsidering her role and not lead her to discouragement which presently appears to be the dominant attitude.

Being educated where the liturgy was the major part of my life, I feel that active participation in the Mystical Body of Christ should be true, if only partially, in the lives of everyone. But I find little assistance in making this a reality. Then I proceed to Mass and the priest comes to the sanctuary and asks for a server. In looking around, I see only women who I am sure if the Church would allow would be the first to answer the call. Again woman's inferior role is seen in the choir, where if tradition is followed, men are the only members. These are just a few cited examples which I know have been experienced by more women than myself. As a result one becomes discouraged and another potential member of the "new laity" is lost.

This air of discrimination exists in various other areas where woman penetrated years ago. Her rejection has become indirect, i.e., the statement "no women allowed" is not enforced directly. As one who daily trod the paths of a graduate student in a medical science, there was always more of less for the woman—more questions as to her purpose and less acceptance. After a few encounters such as this, a woman tends to build up a defense which results in an obstacle to a progressive and profitable relationship between colleagues.

A woman today contributes to various facets of society and these assets are necessary if the world and the Church are to develop to their fullness. The Church, as the living Body of Christ, must not stand back and dictate except on matters of doctrine, but reconsider its position in this age which is being attempted at the sessions of the Second Vatican Council. It must also review the effects that a democracy such as ours has on all of its members. It is then obvious that a woman's role is more today than that of a mere passive being. She too is a rational being and possesses many talents that were given to her by the same God who gave man his faculties.

Professor Lauer has failed to mention that while the role of woman must be reconsidered, woman must always possess the quality that is unique to her—femininity. God elevated the role of woman when He chose a simple yet strong woman to be the mother of His Son. The actions and love exhibited by this woman is the example of all time. After her death, she was assumed into Heaven. From these two acts on the part of our Creator there is little question as to the dignity of woman in His eyes.

Woman, I believe is already doing her best in the areas where she has been given a responsibility as a teacher, doctor, scientist and/or the already accepted role of wife and mother. She must be a complement on an equal basis with her counterpart, both striving for the same end.

Before a reconsideration into this important question of woman's position in the Church should commence, the role of the layman, in general, must be given complete promotion. How can a new status for woman be stressed when the lay people are still floundering? Although the layman's position is so well discussed by Daniel Callahan in *The Mind of the Catholic Layman*, I will agree with Father Andrew Greeley that the members of the "new laity" are few.

The problems that will face the woman pioneering in a role will be hundredfold once the Church re-examines and not merely restates its present concept. In fields of endeavor that woman entered years ago her acceptance is still in question. What will it be like where she has not even begun? Through the past and looking to the future with expectation, I hope I am joined by others in saying, "I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast made me a woman." MARILYN KOERING

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The Old Man at King's

SAMUEL HYNES

AT EIGHTY-FIVE, E. M. Forster enjoys an odd and enviable status among living men of letters: he is a singularly well-loved man who appears to have made no enemies, acquired no detractors. It is not surprising that a good man should be well-liked; it is surprising, though, that an important novelist should have aroused no hostility, nor even serious reservations, among his literary critics.

Forster's novels came early, but serious criticism of them came late, and it is no doubt for this reason that his critics have treated him with that affectionate respect which one accords the very old, and especially those who have outlived their own era. Forster, the oldest living ex-novelist, the last of the Edwardian gentlemen, the incredibly surviving spirit of the English *belle-epoque*—how else could one approach him but with deference? Even young and strenuous critics who would not for a moment subscribe to the morality of Forster's novels, nor admire his old-fashioned, didactic technique, lower their voices (and their standards) when they speak of the Old Man at King's.

One might conclude that his novels have survived into the present as they have, substantially untouched by hostile criticism, partly at least because *he* has survived, and survived so modestly and graciously. So admirable an old man—so kind, so self-deprecating, so steadily behind the best liberal causes (although, as he admits, at a considerable distance)—a man who like King Duncan hath borne his faculties so meek, can scarcely be criticized with that impersonal ruthlessness which we expend on the young and the dead. And so we regard him with affection and respect, as a lingering reminder of perished values, an intelligent, civilized, decent old man.

But though intelligence and decency are admirable, and perhaps even adequate human values, they are not enough to make a work of art excellent. (If they were, Santayana would have written a better novel than he did.) The terms do describe Forster's personal qualities, and they also describe qualities in his novels, but as literary values they are not sufficient to describe high merit. If Forster's work deserves the permanent-looking place that it currently enjoys in the hierarchy of English fiction, it must be for other reasons.

Part of the difficulty in judging Forster's novels lies in the fact that, though the man is in the present, the work is far in the past. Forster's career as a novelist ended forty years ago, and all but one of his novels were written in the reign of Edward VII. They are Edwardian, not in terms of publication dates alone, but in their atmosphere and in their values; they speak from that curious decade between the death of Victoria and the First World War, a time as remote from our present as the reign of William and Mary, and a good deal more remote than Victoria's age. If we look at Forster's career as an Edwardian one we will, I think, understand much about the novels—their excellences and their weaknesses—and perhaps we will also find the answer to the question of why the career ended when it did.

WE SHOULD look first at Forster's stories, but they need not detain us long. With one or two exceptions they are not distinguished enough to survive without the support of the novels. They do, however, demonstrate certain of Forster's values and habits of mind—his Victorian Hellenism, his visionary romanticism, his habitual opposing of head and heart, and his intense feelings for "the genius loci." The stories are fantasies, full of improbable meetings of gods and men; fantasy was a popular Edwardian mode—*Peter Pan* is an Edwardian play—and no doubt it is in part because we have lost the taste for this sort of Pan-ridden goings on that Forster's stories seem dated and trivial.

Then there are the five novels. The first two are best described as social comedies, though this term does not quite do justice to *Where Angels Fear to Tread* (1905) and *A Room with a View* (published in 1908, but the first to be written). In these novels, Forster put aside the tiresome trappings of his stories, and revealed a gift for intricate, melodramatic plotting and comical-farcical satire which make these the best comic novels of the period. The object of Forster's satire is his own British middle-class; Englishmen, Forster later wrote, suffer from "undeveloped hearts," and protect themselves from feeling by snobbery and respectability.

In these two novels, Forster exposes representatives of the British middle class to the abundant, anarchic vitality and emotion of Italy; head meets heart, and is transformed by the encounter. Though one novel ends in melodramatic disaster, the other in happy marriage, the two make substantially the same point, and in the same

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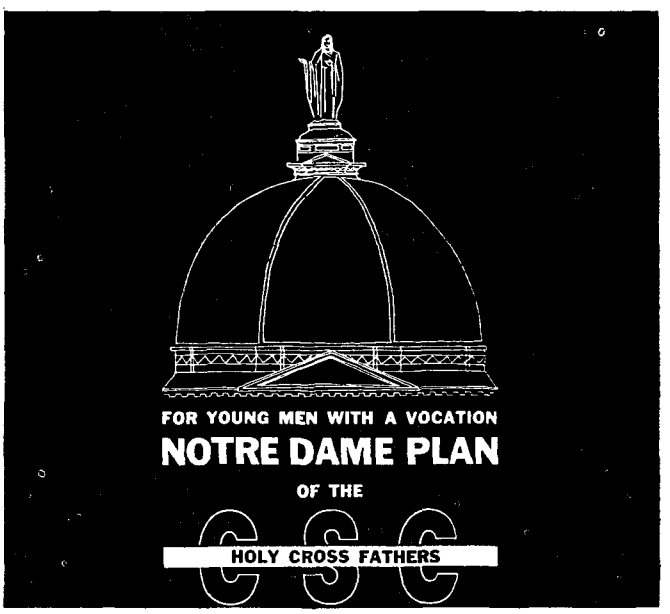
manner. The style is charming, the structure deft, and it is hard to see how either novel could be improved. But charm is a dangerous literary virtue—difficult to sustain, and likely to become intolerable if administered in too heavy doses. Perhaps Forster was aware of this danger; at any rate, in his next novel he assumed a different manner, and did worse.

The Longest Journey is generally regarded as Forster's least successful book, though he perversely prefers it above all the others. It is the most personal of the five novels, using details of Forster's own life at school and at Cambridge, where the first two novels used comic inventions; it is also the most overtly visionary, and in this respect approaches the manner of the stories. One can understand why a novel which includes so much of himself should have a special meaning for Forster, but for the rest of us, the general view seems the right one—it is a novel which doesn't succeed.

The last two novels, *Howard's End* (1910) and *A Passage to India* (1924, but begun a decade earlier), are the most serious, the most didactic, the most symbolical, and altogether the most ambitious of Forster's books, and his critics agree that these are the best of the novels, though they differ as to which is the better of the two. Admirers of *Howard's End* find *Passage to India* too mystical, and can't understand what the last part is doing there; admirers of *Passage to India* think *Howard's End* is imperfectly resolved.



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In *Howard's End* Forster attempted to set head against heart without the help of an external term—without Italy or India or Pan. Perhaps as a consequence of this, it is the most overtly moralistic of the novels, and appeals to those who like their liberalism spelled out. *A Passage to India* is Forster's most nearly political novel, and attracts readers who like their writers to be "engaged"; though, like most political novels, it has rather outlived its engagement, and its satirical treatment of the British Raj seems a bit quaint now.

After *A Passage to India* Forster started another novel —it was called *Arctic Summer*—but was unable to finish it, and, as he put it, "just drifted out" of novel writing. But "just drifted out" isn't very satisfactory; one wants to know why. We can find the answer, I think, in two ways; we can look at the novels themselves, and consider whether they propose values which would support an active artistic life in the modern world; and we can examine his more recent occasional writings for statements of his sense of his relation to this modern world in which he is apparently unable to exercise his creative imagination.

LET US try the latter course first. Here is a longish quotation from a review which Forster wrote for the BBC a few years ago:

"Fifty years ago, when I was young, the idea of a Problem was exhilarating. The nineteenth century had emphasized Progress. The early twentieth century, while not rejecting Progress, felt itself to be more realistic if it approached progress through problems. The problems lay about like sheets torn out of Euclid, all waiting to be solved, and posed with impeccable clarity. 'Here is a completely new problem,' a statesman would enthusiastically exclaim. And though people occasionally remarked that one problem often led to another, no one realized how sinister the remark was. With proper attention and adequate commercial resourcefulness all problems would be solved and God's great Q. E. D. peal out.

"This attitude was scotched rather than killed by the first world war. . . . Disillusionment and distrust of problems began back in the 'twenties—the most clear-sighted decade of our own half-century. It realized that nothing had been solved, and that so-called solutions were hydras who produced more heads than had been decapitated. . . . Today more and more people realize that the world we are pleased to call 'ours' has passed out of our control, and that though the human race may not be destroyed, it is powerless to avert its own destruction."

The two worlds defined here—the worlds before and after the first world war—are offered as radically different, and based on diametrical ideas of life and value. But most important, Forster admits sadly that the pre-war world, *his* world, was wrong. His novels belong to that lost Edwardian Age of Problems, that age when

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men believed that they could, by being intelligent and decent, find ultimate solutions; they are Edwardian Problem Novels.

BUT TO write Problem Novels you must believe in solutions—you must postulate "God's great Q. E. D." Time and History overtook Forster's solutions; war and violence, the overwhelming evidence of man's inhumanity and the failure of Love, dried up his creative gifts. D. H. Lawrence, that perceptive man, saw this happening early in the war; in a letter to Bertrand Russell dated 1915 he wrote: "Forster is not poor, but he is bound hand and foot bodily. Why? Because he does not believe that any beauty or any divine utterance is any good any more." The personal values remained; but though they were good enough to live by, they were not good enough to create by. Forster accepted this fact with characteristically resigned good humor: "I don't fret over the changes in the world I grew up in," he wrote. "But I can't handle them. I would write atomically if I could." We might therefore regard Forster as one more casualty of the War, though it would be more accurate to say that he was a casualty of the too-confident, complacent peace that preceded it.

The novels will tell us much the same story, if we read them in order. The early ones—the Italian comedies—make their value judgments confidently, affirm the life of head-and-heart, and condemn those who sin against that ideal. The values are clear enough, perhaps too clear: thinking and feeling, passion and truth, Eros and Pallas Athene are good. If one suppresses neither, one will be moral; and, we gather, one will also be happy. The only enemy that matters is the enemy within, and external restraints upon passion and truth are of no apparent concern. There is no such thing as guilty passion, and no obstacles to the discovery of truth. Man can be good and happy, if he will only try.

This, in all its nakedness, is Forster's liberal humanism. It is a faith which links him properly with the nineteenth century rather than with our own time. The moral strenuousness and the ready Hellenism remind one of Matthew Arnold; the individualism and the assumption that happiness is attainable to the good-hearted are very like Dickens. George Orwell once wrote of Dickens that "his whole message is one that at first glance looks like an enormous platitude: If men would behave decently the world would be decent." That enormous platitude spreads out to cover Forster with its vast and comforting shade; but it does not comfort us.

A more profound and more satisfactory representation of the humanistic position is *Howard's End*, Forster's longest and to my mind his most impressive novel. The novel carries on its title page the enigmatic motto, "Only connect . . ."; the action explains the enigma, by showing us characters in a complex of efforts to connect with each other, person-to-person, class-to-class, values-to-values. The most overt formulation of this moral core of meaning occurs in a meditation of the principal character, Margaret Schlegel, an aesthetical young woman who has become engaged to a rather elderly business man:

"Margaret greeted her lord with peculiar tenderness on the morrow. Mature as he was, she might yet be able to help him to the building of the rainbow bridge that should connect the prose in us with the passion. Without it we are meaningless fragments, half monks, half beasts, unconnected arches that have never joined into a man. With it love is born, and alights on the highest curve, glowing against the grey, sober against the fire. . . . Only connect! That was the whole of her sermon. Only connect the prose and the passion, and both will be exalted, and human love will be seen at its height. Live in fragments no longer. Only connect, and the beast and the monk, robbed of the isolation that is life to either, will die."

This is pretty rich stuff, with its rainbow bridges and loaded words like "love" and "salvation," and it may persuade us that something profound is being said. The message seems at first very like that in the earlier novels—an exhortation to live a whole life, and out of wholeness to create love. But there is one distinct change: the terms of the division are no longer Eros and Pallas Athene, individually valuable, though incomplete; here they are monk and beast, unpleasant and life-denying fragments. The "enemy within" has become something more ominous, though the exact nature of salvation is as unclear as ever.

HOWARD'S END is a more serious novel than, say, *A Room with a View* because it acknowledges more of the disagreeable aspects of reality: the injustices of class, the need for money, the existence of evil, the potential destructiveness of passion—all these are present, as they are not in the earlier novels. But by acknowledging these divisive elements in life, Forster made "connection" impossible. The novel ends with an innocent man dead, a strong man made weak, and the house which is the symbol of the good life threatened by the inevitable spread of the red rust of London. The two women who survive are both "disconnected" from life: one cannot love a man, the other cannot love a child. The effort to connect has failed, no one is involved in living.

But then, the mind behind these novels is not involved in living, either. This is not a statement about Forster's personal life, but about the character of his writing—it remains always at a distance from its subject, observing, not participating. One finds this quality manifested in many ways: in the way, for example, that the most fully realized characters tend to be the least active ones, and in the number of scenes in which passion is observed from a position apart (the scene in *The Longest Journey*, in which Rickie learns about love by watching Agnes and Gerald kissing is a paradigmatic example, but there

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are many others). If characters fail to "connect," one might also say that Forster fails to connect with the life of his fictional world.

Failure to connect is also a principal theme of Forster's last novel, *A Passage to India*. In the final scene Fielding, the moderate Englishman, rides through the Indian countryside with Aziz, the Indian with whom he wants to be friends. "Why can't we be friends now?" Fielding asks. "It's what I want. It's what you want."

"But the horses didn't want it—they swerved apart; the earth didn't want it, sending up rocks through which riders must pass single file; the temples, the tank, the jail, the palace, the birds, the carrion, the Guest House that came into view as they issued from the gap and saw Mau beneath: they didn't want it, they said in their hundred voices, No, not yet, and the sky said, No, not there."

"Only connect. . . ." Yes, that would be nice. But Forster's novels are not about connecting, they are about failure to connect, and progressively more so as time carried him past the Edwardian age of problems and solutions. The marriages he contrived are unhappy, other personal relationships are partial and transient, and the novels customarily end on episodes which symbolize disconnectedness as an aspect of the human condition, supported even by earth and sky at the last. A more precise formulation of Forster's motto would be "If only we *could* connect. . . ." But, say the novels bleakly, we can't. It is because Forster admitted to his world the probable failure of human communion, and the related possibility that in this unconnecting world life itself is without meaning, and because he could face that daily nightmare, which must for many men be a condition of existence, with grace and quiet irony, that he merits the admiration that he has received. Such negative honesty may not be the highest human achievement, but it is an honorable one, and we can only regret that it was not, apparently, enough to sustain Forster's creative imagination.

Still, there the five novels are, for us to go on reading. We do so, I think, partly because they express a personality which we find attractive and admirable; they reveal not only intelligence and decency, but a generous sense of humor, and a great capacity for affection, including an unashamed love of the English land which can be very moving. These are all human rather than literary qualities, and I think it true, though it may be contrary to the most austere critical precepts, to say that we really like the man, and read the books simply to get to know him. He is well worth knowing, the speaking voice of these novels: kinder than Joyce, wittier than Lawrence, a better stylist than Conrad. But to put his name in such company is to see at once how little he belongs there. His imagination is of a lesser kind—which may be one reason for our liking him (how could one like Joyce?).

The problem is, I suppose, a matter of head and heart: heart asserting that Love the Beloved Republic will prevail, head saying "No, not yet, no, not there." To my mind, head and heart remain unreconciled in even the best of Forster's books; perhaps they had to, in the world that Forster saw. But even without reconciliation, that world is worth knowing, and these five novels, with their wit, their intelligence, and their decency, will survive their failure to be more perfect than life has seemed to the Old Man at King's.

BOOKS

The Private Corridor of Angus Wilson's Mind

The Wild Garden. By Angus Wilson. University of California Press. $3.75.

by Richard Ohmann

LET US suppose that Angus Wilson understands the life of Angus Wilson better than others do. Since part of that life is the composition of four novels and a number of stories, Wilson is in a privileged position to relate the genesis of those works to the main psychological patterns of his development as a human being.

His new book, *The Wild Garden*, is an attempt to do so, and it must therefore command attention, both as autobiography and as an account of the creative process. But success in either of these enterprises is ancillary to Wilson's principal aim: he intends the book as a contribution to biographical criticism, and as a justification of that much maligned practice. So the question before us is this: Does Wilson's private corridor of entry into his own mind give special admittance to his work as well? And more generally, do we gain access to his fiction by understanding his life?

At age 33 Wilson began writing, "in unconscious response, I believe, to a definite crisis to which my earlier years had steadily moved." He had been the spoiled and lonely child of would-be-genteel, *déclassé* parents. The insecurity generated by their world of pretense and illusion led him, when faced with adult reality, to adopt a personal strategy of pleasing, being loved at any cost.

At this he was adroit, and he contrived both to gain acceptance in a left-wing coterie of intellectuals and to convince himself that his life among them was one of moral intensity and rich communication. But when, during the war, he was thrown in with a large and impersonal organization, this mode of accommodation collapsed. He lost his conviction that society was warm and protective, as

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well as his sense of personal adequacy. After the breakdown that followed, Wilson turned writer, and, often unconsciously, transposed into fictional patterns the terms of his psychic defeat and recovery.

Thus he proffers an autobiographical explanation and a psychological description of some major recurrent themes in his work. The acrid satire, in his early stories, of people who nurture a comforting innocence or ignorance; the sympathetic treatment of self-discovery in the central figures of his novels; the moral horror at societies and groups (e.g., Vardon Hall in *Hemlock and After*) in which a spurious sense of community disguises a paralysis of communication —these and other kindred preoccupations Wilson traces to his own ordeal of the spirit. That he does so with plausible ingenuity, and, as far as I can judge, with integrity, is no more than one would expect from a writer whose novels show such a bent for psychological analysis.

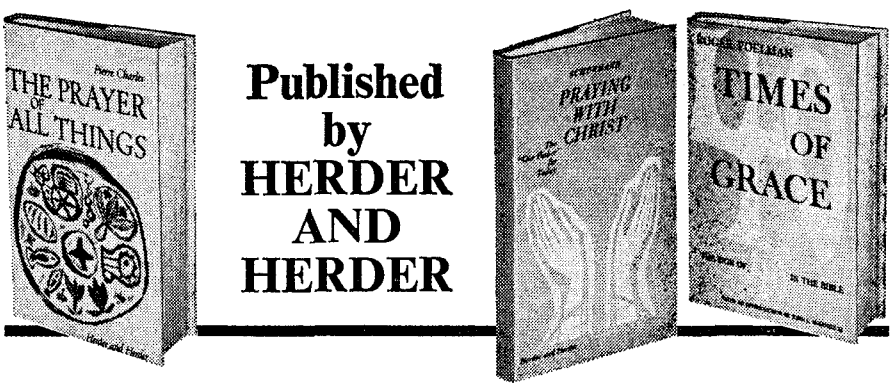
But the accomplishment is *not* primarily one of literary criticism. Every careful reader of Wilson's books will have noticed these themes: the special perspective of author-critic adds little to our understanding of the novels as works of art, though much to our understanding of their origins. If it is to clarify itself, the biographical method must yield critical insights more arcane than this.

The Wild Garden does, in fact, explore deeper recesses of Wilson's work, and the book's title points to one of them. The analysis is much too intricate to recapitulate here, but Wilson explains that many of the central tensions in his life take symbolic shape in the image of the wild garden in the tame land and the counter-image of the tame garden, or clearing, in the wildness. He contends also that these images, along with the opposition of town and country, play a deep and subtle role in his novels.

Here, certainly, is a potential contribution of autobiography to criticism, for the perception is not an obvious one. Yet, for me at least, it presents a weirdly skewed interpretation of Wilson's work, elevating what is secondary and recessed in every novel but *The Old Men at the Zoo* to a position of symbolic dominance. In other words, I suspect that in the very large amount of space he gives to the analysis of this motif, Wilson is telling us relatively little about the achieved artistic structure of his novels, and relatively much about the way in which the man can get in the way of the novelist—and of the critic.

And how much that seems central and characteristic in his novels is left untouched by *The Wild Garden,* or at most only hinted at. We learn little here about the peculiar sense of terminal crisis, or last chance, or apocalypse, that governs his plots. We learn only indirectly about the moral viscosity he imputes to the human situation, a density that surrounds the good man and makes his best actions strangely suspect; yet this theme, I believe, underlies the labored and gripping dialect of his heroes' development, and is thus deeply involved with technique.

Again, *The Wild Garden* leaves unresolved the artistic place in his



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novels of some favorite materials: the collector or specialist, the terrifying woman, the old and middle-aged, the sense of personal loss. To be sure, this thin and modest book does not claim to exhaust its subject. Still, though it constitutes an intriguing fragment of autobiography and a suggestive study of the fictional imagination at work, it does not sustain Wilson's claims for biographical criticism.

Rather than a canonical reading of his work, which it is not, *The Wild Garden* deserves to become an important document for use *by* critics of Wilson's work. Not the least of its uses is that it shares and thus illuminates the novels' preoccupation with the complex, civilized, and tormented psyche—in this instance, Wilson's own.

O'Gorman's Poetry

The Buzzard and the Peacock. By Ned O'Gorman. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

by Rosemary F. Deen

THE BEST poem in Ned O'Gorman's new book is "To the Memory of Lydia Hoffman." It is about a figure in the poet's youth, a servant and demonic sufferer: "She was in our house like a furnace; she roots/ now in my memory with the pikes of her agonies." Several of Mr. O'Gorman's recurrent themes appear here: the idea of obsession, the image of fire, the idea of childhood and the occurrence then of an original tragedy. As a child Lydia had seen her native farmhouse burn, and "at the moment the center/ timber fell, her father rose up burning on the roof. . . . " Now she suffers "barbarities" and projects him.

Through her the children are finally transformed "into those who knew the ways extremity takes hold." Lydia walks still through the "burned shadows and floating/ timbers of the mind," striking "the final, mating blow/ of first calamities; of the father, the flaming rooftops, the gaping snows." Everything in this poem works and is under control.

The idea of obsession produces some of Mr. O'Gorman's most original poems. They deal with excess and they at once channel and satirize Mr. O'Gorman's own poetic excesses, for his style is intense—baroque in the counter-thrusts of opposing forces. In these poems about obsession, humor presents the outrageous fact to the sane eye without ridiculing it. Our digressiveness is made to respect the concentration of obsession. In "The Dark Dialogue" a dreamer becomes possessed by his dream of a burning whirlwind ("Lift your feet," says the listener. "You make the floor smoke.") The listener, who had seemed sanely detached, breaks out at the end with: "'I am Zero,'/ And closed him four-square round/ with ice."

Animals and animal imagery dominate many poems. Despite the allegorical use made of the birds of the title poem, this interest in animals is not allegorical. Animal life in these poems is primarily something *other* than human life, valuable because it is so completely itself. Like obsessed figures, unified and intensified though distorted, animals are singular. Poems written from the inside of animals give us an idea of modes of perception that are rhino-like or hawk-like, but certainly not man-like. On the other hand, man may be animal-like or even vegetable-like.

This richness of the sense of other life presents the poet with the problem of control and cohesion. Of all the elements of Mr. O'Gorman's poetry, rhetoric remains most self-willed. It has become subservient to the poet now—recognizably his—but not yet to the poem. It would be easy if the poet could mutter to himself, "*Prends l'éloquence et tords lui le cou.*" He is trying to do something like this by declaring for light over music in poetry. But in his best poems a kind of fusion is taking place. He may undercut his own rhetoric with self-mockery in the "obsessed" poems. Or his themes may coalesce, as they do in "Lydia Hoffman," where his sense of suffering, of the obsessed, and of the primal come together to form a poem so large that it subdues the language it is born of.

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Shaw on Religion

The Religious Speeches of Bernard Shaw. Edited by Warren S. Smith. Pennsylvania State University Press. $3.50.

by Gerald Weales

BERNARD SHAW's famous declaration of his atheism, made at a meeting of the Shelley Society in the mid-1880's, was little more than a rhetorical device. By that time, he had put both atheism and rationalism behind him and found his

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way to the faith that was to serve him (and be served by him) for the rest of his life. In one of his letters to the Abbess of Stanbrook, written in 1924, Shaw said, "I exhausted rationalism when I got to the end of my second novel at the age of twenty-four, and should have come to a dead stop if I had not proceeded to purely mystical assumptions."

Shaw's mysticism, based in part on Jean Lamarck's theory of evolution, assumes an evolving God, a life force which moves man toward a never attainable perfectibility. Shaw was a mystic in society rather than in solitude; his religion inspirited his politics. The ever-evolving superman needed a sane society to live in, and political action and economic reform were his tools. He once wrote that "we must make a religion of socialism," but for the most part politics and economics remained hard-working handmaidens to his biological religion.

Shaw preached his faith often—in speeches, in prefaces, in book reviews, in letters, in his plays. At 93, in the Preface to *Farfetched Fables*, he wrote, as though it had just occurred to him, "For nomenclatory purposes I may be called a Fabian Communist and Creative Evolutionist if I must have a label of some sort."

In the face of so much documentation, there can be no surprises in the eleven speeches that Warren S. Smith has gathered in *The Religious Speeches of Bernard Shaw*. Smith admits as much in his introduction, and Arthur H. Nethercot, who contributes a foreword, points out a few of the parallel passages where the speeches echo the plays, or the plays the speeches. This gathering of fugitives is part of the current effort—a necessary one, I think—to get as much of Shaw's work as possible into print.

As though he felt he needed a special reason for making the collection, Smith attempts to give the volume greater significance than it actually has. He calls "The Religion of the British Empire," a speech given at the City Temple in 1906, "Shaw's first attempt to present his beliefs in an organized pattern. . . ." Since the speech was preceded not only by *An Essay on Going to Church*, but by both "Man and Superman" and "Major Barbara," Smith's claim is as preposterous as it is unnecessary.

What Smith has done is to put between the covers of one volume all (so far as he knows) of Shaw's speeches on religion, some of which are available in other collections of Shaw's writing. Seven of the speeches were made between 1906 and 1913, when Englishmen still gathered in halls and meeting houses, posing and answering questions, assuming that a polite display of mind and spirit would improve a society which, in fact, was about to be knocked to pieces by the first world war.

There is a sense of period about these speeches, quite unlike the continuing liveliness and meaning of Shaw's Prefaces from the same decade; they suggest a fading photograph in which a minor celebrity poses for a group picture, alongside Stewart Headlam and R. J. Campbell. This is not a very accurate picture of Shaw, but it is about the

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best that can be said of the speeches. For the rest, the book contains one long speech from 1919, in which Shaw again propagates his faith; this time the familiar message is touched by Shaw's response to the war. Then, there are three speeches from the thirties—a toast to Einstein, a 1937 radio broadcast on the coming war and a centenary speech on the atheist Charles Bradlaugh; only the last of them really belongs in this collection.

To say that this is a volume of Shaw speeches is something of an overstatement. Some of them are Smith's own re-creations, in which he works from a published report of of Shaw's speech and turns the customary reporting statement of the period (*then Mr. Shaw pointed out that . . .*) into direct statement. In the introduction, Smith points out that some of the speeches were taken down stenographically, a method which Shaw himself denounced for its inaccuracy, or else "reported with extreme faithfulness to detail and style." It is difficult to understand how Smith can judge the faithfulness at this distance. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the book is a collection of speeches by Shaw and variations on speeches by Shaw which will be of use to the scholar and of interest to the confirmed Shavian who wants the whole of the canon at his fingertips.

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Dylan Thomas As Poet

The Religious Sonnets of Dylan Thomas. By H. H. Kleinman. University of California Press. $3.75.
The World of Dylan Thomas. By Clark Emery. University of Miami Press. $6.50.

by J. S. Rubenstein

SO MUCH anecdotal drivel has been printed in the decade since Dylan Thomas' death that it has become increasingly hard to separate the poet from the legend. He has been portrayed as an amiable brat unable to distinguish between a gin bottle and his mother's bosom, as a gentle but noisy Welsh bard, as a casual occupant of more American beds than George Washington. One coffee house spokesman assures us that he was killed by a nameless gentleman in a Brooks Brothers suit; where the assassination took place is undisclosed.

There is of course nothing unusual about the publication of a fair amount of reminiscence after the death of a well-known writer. What is curious about the Thomas literature is its nearly uniform disregard of the man's writing as anything more than prolegomenon to the particular intimacy claimed.

"H.. and I were holding hands on a couch at the Syracuse University Faculty Club when a somewhat tipsy Dylan reeled in for the night's reading. Since there was no other place, he plumped down his pudgy self next to us and, at H..'s request, first of all read 'Lament.' He burped and somberly informed the assembled gray-haired ladies that the poem's symbolism was 'perfectly obvious.'" Maybe the blame for this kind of thing is partly Thomas': his comic swashbuckling and the seeming difficulty of his verse have conspired to prevent many of those who knew him (however slightly) from saying more than that they knew him and retailing a fresh bit of gossip by way of documentation.

The appearance of two book-length studies of his poetry by critics neither of whom claim an especial friendship with the poet is therefore refreshing.

In confining his inquiry to the "Altarwise by owl-light" sonnet sequence, H. H. Kleinman has set himself a far less ambitious project than Clark Emery, whose "studies (the dust-jacket tells us) range from full-dress explication of the poems that need it to critical comment upon those that do not." Kleinman takes the sonnets as a "deeply moving statement of religious perplexity concluding in spiritual certainty," a work in the tradition of Donne, the Milton of "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," and, above all, of Crashaw.

The Religious Sonnets of Dylan Thomas is in every respect a professional piece of work. As a reader of verse Kleinman exhibits tact, sympathy, an unobtrusive erudition. "Altarwise by owl-light" is among the most turgid of Thomas' verse writings; Kleinman's study is the most persuasive account of its text that I have yet seen, one that can serve also as a valuable aid to the reading of the other poems.

The book's one shortcoming stems from its concern with fitting the poem into the tradition of religious works which proceed from a statement of doubt through an analysis of the underlying causes of that doubt and a reworking of those causes into something which becomes an affirmation of religious, explicitly Christian, faith.

There is, to be sure, an affirmation of sorts at the end of the sonnet sequence, but to claim for it a Christian nature ignores the horror in the closing image (a worm building "with the gold straws of venom/My nest of mercies in the rude, red tree") and makes a literal statement of what seems to have been intended only as metaphor. If anything, the affirmation seems most akin to that in Yeats's "Dialogue of Self and

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Soul," where the final exulting word is that "everything"—however foul it may be—"we look upon is blest."

In making of the sonnets a Christian anthem Kleinman ignores a variety of clues provided by the poet. By breaking up "altar light" and "owl-wise" and reassembling the pieces, Thomas from the outset informs the reader of his intention to juggle images, to bounce them one against another, to let them divide, slide into one another, coalesce, disappear for a while, crop up again (but in altered, frequently burlesqued form)—in short, behave just as images do in dreams.

Thus when Kleinman takes "Altar-wise by owl-light" to refer simply to a "ritual offering" he loses a good deal, sacrificing to tidiness some of the poem's furious complexity. Although the sonnets represent a movement from despair to a kind of affirmation, I fail to find—and Kleinman admits the difficulty by fudging it—the orderly, logical or chronological progression on which his reading implies. Rather, it seems to me, the working-out of the poem is accomplished by exploration (similar to what occurs in dreams) of the suggestive possibilities inherent in a few basic symbols. Thus there is no speaker in the sonnets—only voices, or, better, images.

In *The World of Dylan Thomas* there are many voices, many images. The author, who "feel[s] like Europa raped" when he listens to recordings of the poet's voice, has something to say about almost every poem in the collected edition. Since his book is an outgrowth of a seminar at the University of Miami it pays great deference to the kind of thinking that appeals to undergraduates. Thomas is therefore seen as a rebel who thumbs his nose at his father by the use of "gentle" in the villanelle, as a lower-case communist, as an enemy of the disease called "Gradgrindism," and as the literary descendant of D. H. Lawrence.

I imagine some longlimbed Diana of a coed, blushing as she asks: "Sir, you said Dylan Thomas was a *serious* poet. How could he have written this thing called 'Lament'?" Professor Emery, smiling (I think) benevolently, gives the answer: "Is there a serious thing to say about 'Lament'? Yes; it is an enjoyable poem. Is there a serious thing to say about Thomas-criticism (including this)? Yes: it is like Life, that bowl of cherries: don't take it serious, it's too mysterious."

One gathers that Professor Emery is a wise and devoted teacher of the young. In these troubled times it is heartening that there are some who still cherish the formulation *mens sano in corpore sano*.

REVIEWERS

Richard Ohmann, a frequent reviewer and contributor, is a member of the faculty in the English Department at Connecticut's Wesleyan University.

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